The Saturday Review of Literature

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General Dwight D. Eisenhower. *(See page 7)*

News Is a Commodity

By KENNETH STEWART

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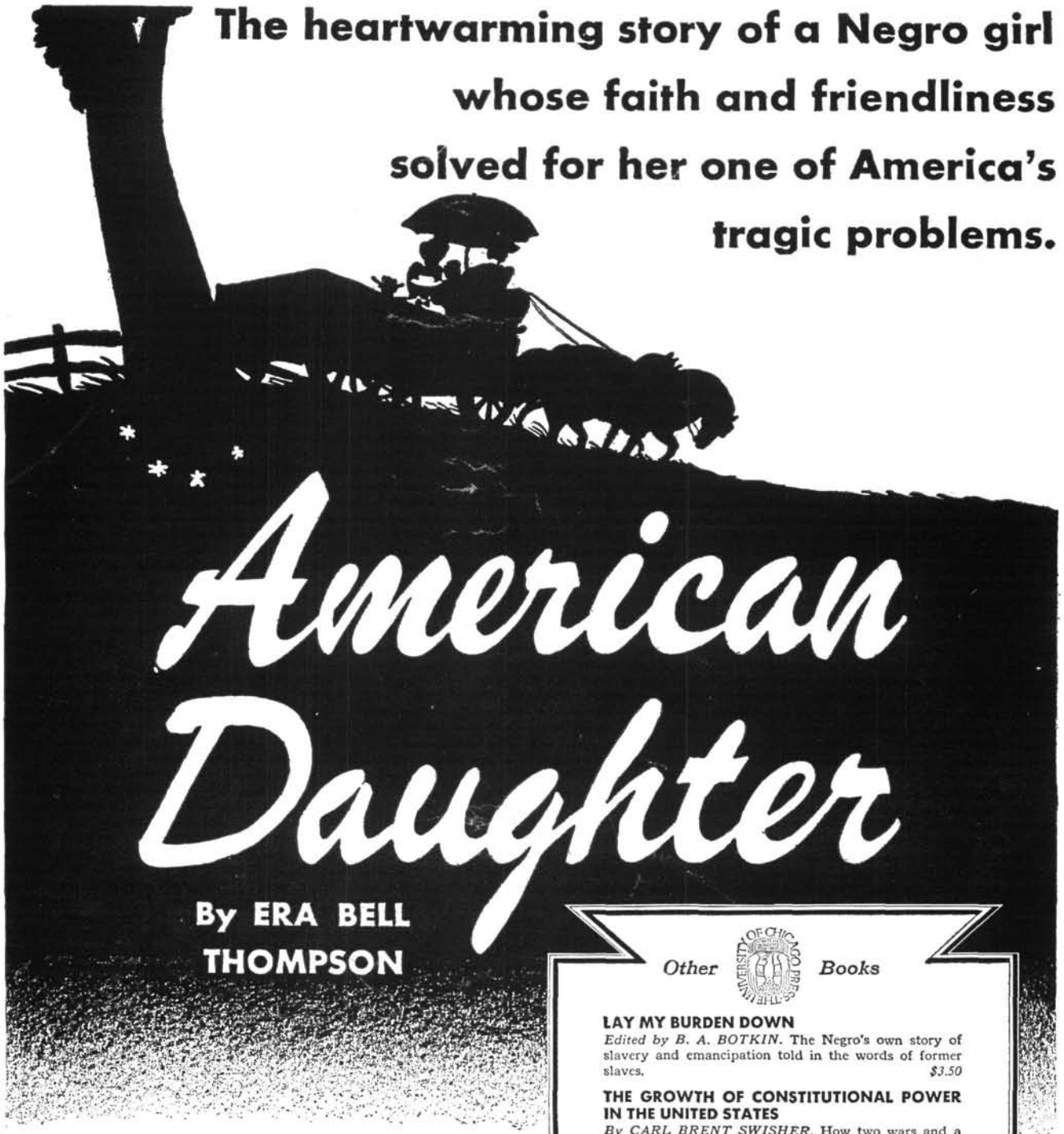

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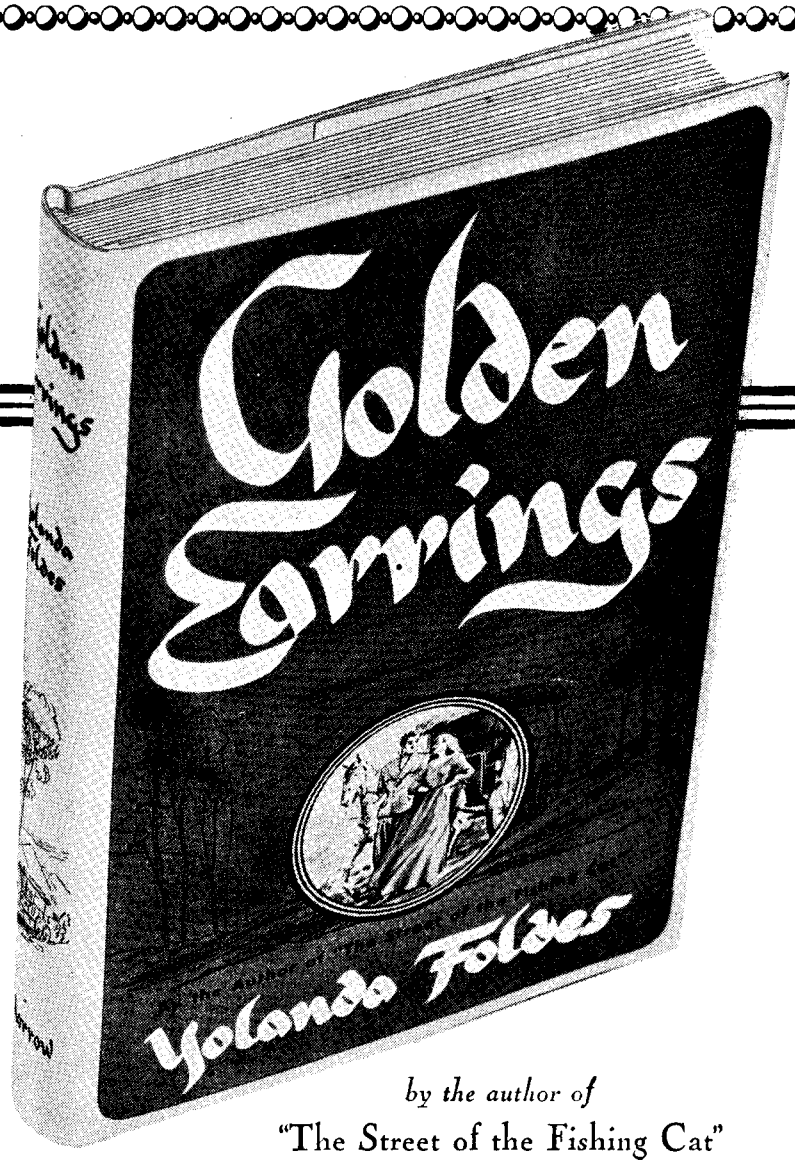

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A Russian Easter egg

HAVE you ever had occasion to congratulate someone who has never read the works of one of your favorite writers? It goes something like this: "How I envy you. You have all that fun ahead of you."

Everyone has those special favorites. We wrote about a book of that sort a few weeks ago—THE LOST LANDSCAPE by Winifred Welles. Though we were somewhat ecstatically tongue-tied, the reviewers were not, and evidently the magic is spreading, because this lovely, quiet book about an old Connecticut town is totting up sales figures for itself in an almost unseemly fashion. A sale of nine hundred copies in one week indicates that there is a growing audience of people who feel the way we do about THE LOST LANDSCAPE.

And to them we have an obligation; the rest of this page is addressed only to those who have read and loved the book, for it will make little sense to anyone else. Thinking it over the other day we decided that if we were in your shoes—that is, if we didn't work for Holt and didn't know where there was more "Lost Landscape" and didn't get told about it by Holt—we'd be pretty mad.

Yes, there is more of it, and more pleasure ahead for the insatiables. The fact that it's in a book of poetry has made it a sort of top-priority secret, the poet's market being what it is. Miss Welles's last book of verse, published posthumously in 1942, was called THE SHAPE OF MEMORY. Together with THE LOST LANDSCAPE, we have here a fine example of a literary Russian Easter egg, the kind that opens to show another smaller egg inside, but of the same shape and with the same intricate markings.

In the first poem of THE SHAPE OF MEMORY you will recognize at once the old Hoyt place, and over there in the distance the railroad tracks, and there the old cemetery, and in the old house itself the "attic stacked with secrets" from which all the stories of people long dead were re-created in THE LOST LANDSCAPE.

> "And over all these places and those days
> Stillness was drawn, a gold or silver haze
> Making them richer, lovelier,
> Than any of them were."

That's the shell of the egg, and it fits. Now trace some more of the patterns unfolding. Here in a short poem called "The Two Brothers" are Ned and Sam, cleanly chiseled, seen with the urgency of poetry and as adults; both are seen only as boys in THE LOST LANDSCAPE. In a longer poem called "White Valentine" a rather special elegy for the beloved hump-backed brother is contrived out of that unforgettable time when Sam brushed his sister's hair:

> "It's winter weather
> And we are in my room together,
> Amused, at peace; I in my chair,
> You, standing, brushing my long hair."

And wild Ned, virile and beautiful young Ned rides his deer again—or almost rides it. This is what breaks the poet's heart, the sacrifice of dramatic death in favor of being sensible. Regret for glorious adventure foregone is this:

> "Oh, what a beautiful and bloody ride
> You could have had through water, earth, and air,
> Wild boy upon wild deer, both terrified,
> A strange and brave and memorable pair."

The pattern of Ned completes itself with the clip-winged crow, brought home in triumph on a fall night, to walk sedately through the fire-lit dining room:

> "Who but a boy through autumn dusk would come
> Bringing a dazed, black bird with clipped wings home
> To set him down within a lighted room
> To tread the carpet, startled but still stately,
> Stepping upon his wrinkled feet sedately."

Then there is "The Downstairs Bedroom". From the last long winter of the frail old man's dying the poet writes a sort of recapitulation of an active romantic life, ending finally in a room where:

> "The old man felt so peacefully apart
> From all that had been once his urgent heart."

Those first happy, illiterate Connecticut Irishmen old Judge Hoyt loved appear in galloping splendor in "Lament for the Ancient and Honorable Disorder of Hibernians", a gay, mad poem about gay, mad people. And on another note of madness, though of a different sort, there is that strange, nameless wanderer who appeared each spring—followed around by the children and known to every resident of Old Norwich—in a poem called "A Lunatic in Spring". The poet asks:

> "Who would not be a lunatic in spring,
> Through garland-hidden graveyards vainly wandering?"

And so on and on, through incidents remembered with such force of personal experience that they fit the forge of poetry. Yes, you may have more of THE LOST LANDSCAPE if you wish.

The
shape of memory

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The Saturday Review of Literature

News Is a Commodity

KENNETH STEWART

PEOPLES SPEAKING TO PEOPLES. By Llewellyn White and Robert D. Leigh. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1946. ix + 122 *pp. Paper* $1.50, *cloth* $2.50.

SEVERAL years ago the American Society of Newspaper Editors asked the late William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas, to head a committee on journalistic standards. Mr. White reported back to the editors in convention that his committee could not report because it had "no idea what the ethics of this business is."

"I return for further instructions," he added.

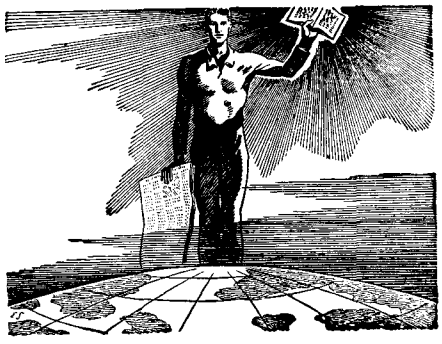
For all practical purposes, the committee is still out. From other quarters, outside the business, serious suggestions are coming in. No sign yet guarantees that the proprietors of our press will give them anything but the customary brush-off. Whenever anybody suggests that the press might mend its ways, its custodians clutch to their bosoms the First Amendment to the Constitution and go on about their business as usual.

All right—before anybody rises in righteous wrath to protest—the First Amendment is a fine thing; under it our press is the best there is; its accusers can be unrealistic, unfair, and as biased as those they accuse. Let's grant all that, and get on with Mr. White's unfinished business before we adjourn.

Two years ago Henry Luce's *Time*, Inc., gave the University of Chicago $200,000 to set up a learned commission to survey the freedom, functions, and responsibilities of the major agencies of mass communication in our time—radio, press, and films.

This month the first of six projected reports by this Freedom of the Press Commission appears. It is called "Peoples Speaking to Peoples" and was written by Llewellyn White, a newspaperman of twenty-nine years' experience, and Dr. Robert D. Leigh, political scientist and educator.

"It has become a truism that the scientists who unlocked the secret of atomic power confronted our society with a choice between integration and disintegration," they write. "Fortunately for us all, science has also given us a timely clue to the secret of survival. Modern airplanes and wireless transmission of facsimile have made literature published anywhere in the world a potential instrument of global understanding. International voice broadcasting and television have made it possible for



the remotest areas to share in the actual writing of history. The very oceans have become the 'back fence' of a world community in which all men are neighbors. What is urgently required is to insure that these new tools are used boldly and constructively to link mankind harmoniously."

The barriers, they report, are formidable—barriers of language, of religion, of social custom, of literacy and of governmental restrictions at national borders; "official" domestic news agencies, denial to correspondents of access to official government sources, censorship.

In America, we have left the job of telling the world about ourselves and of telling America about the rest of the world entirely to commercial news purveyors, particularly the three great news services: the Associated Press, the United Press, and the International News Service. On their own, they have failed adequately to promote that understanding which is a requisite to peace among men.

Sensationalism and superficiality in our news export has fed North Americans "romantic nonsense" about South America and developed incredible misunderstanding, "not among Borneo bushmen but Western Europeans who had seen dozens of Hollywood movies."

The "sins of omission and commission" of which the British and American press associations "would have to repent if they are to attain adequate goals include limited distribution, insufficient volume, unrepresentative selection of items, and an almost unconscious nationalistic bias."

Press association spokesmen insist that they send abroad the bad with the good, that they print just what our own newspapers print. That's just the trouble, the authors of "Peoples Speaking to Peoples" reply. A newspaper may distort locally but it is only one source of community knowledge. The reader may check it against his own observations, personal contacts, talk in the neighborhood, club, lodge, and church. Foreigners have no such check. Additional background and explanation must be supplied.

AND so "*The Reader's Digest* policy of simply translating articles bought for the domestic edition could be more harmful than helpful . . . Domestic issues lifted out of their context and couched in the local idiom are likely to confuse and mislead the foreign reader."

"The problem is not made easier," the report comments, "by the fact that everyone knows that the so-called 'free press' countries sometimes preach more zealously than they practice."

In the import of news we have been remiss as well as in the export. Without accepting Russia's definition of freedom of the press, we must recognize that the Russians "can quote more than one recent instance of our newsmen's harmful irresponsibility" to support their thesis that Americans and British "are foolish to permit newsmen so much freedom."

What our newspapermen really

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seek rather than "equal and unhampered access to all" is an equal opportunity to use their wits to create unequal access to news sources abroad. This suggests the need of "a degree of organized responsibility on the part of newsmen from which they shrink, using the excuse that freedom of the press does not permit of much self-discipline."

How could those who wish to roam the world and write (or photograph) meet the objection of irresponsibility, the report asks.

"One way might be to tighten the foreign correspondents' corps; adopt a code of professional behavior; and require all newsmen, magazine writers, radio people, authors, and photographers to join the corps and observe the code. Appeals from decisions of a government could be taken by the whole corps rather than by an individual, either to the foreign diplomatic corps or to an appropriate unit of the United Nations Economic and Social Council. A resolute move in this direction might dispose of the contradiction of newsmen asking for group protection while at the same time declining to organize group responsibility."

There's the rub. Leaders of our press—as one of the more enlightened of their number, W. W. Waymack of Des Moines, has pointed out—while belaboring the thesis, especially where trade unions are concerned, that rights require responsibility, rarely recognize that what's sauce for the labor goose is sauce for the press gander.

Anguished cries from spokesmen of the press greeted the inclusion in the Freedom of the Press Commission report of recommendations for responsibility. The commission proposed organization of a correspondents' corps under a United Nations covenant and establishment of federated, non-profit, coöperative associations, with non-exclusive membership, in the communications industries.

The purpose of the associations would be to assure wide distribution abroad of the best domestic products and discourage by self-regulatory agreement the export of sub-standard products. Such proposals were opposed as "impractical," "regimentation," "devitalizing."

SO is the atom bomb devitalizing, and the commission's report makes it quite clear that it will take more than a deep commitment to laissez-faire competition to bring about the kind of understanding that will ward off use of the bomb.

How long can our press, which showed certain signs of obsolescence even before Hiroshima, go on without clearer definitions of its freedom and its responsibilities?

Norman Cousins's "Modern Man" editorial remarked that no amount of tinkering with our institutions will be sufficient to insure survival unless man himself can make the necessary adjustments in his relationship to the world and to society.

We have been tinkering with our press for two centuries. We have not now in 1946 made the necessary adjustments in our relationship to the institution. We don't even know what kind of institution it is or what we want it to be—a public utility or a commercial enterprise, a profession, a trade, or a game.

The men who own and run our newspapers, we who write for them, and you who read them have never decided just what the press is, can be, or should be in a free democratic society.

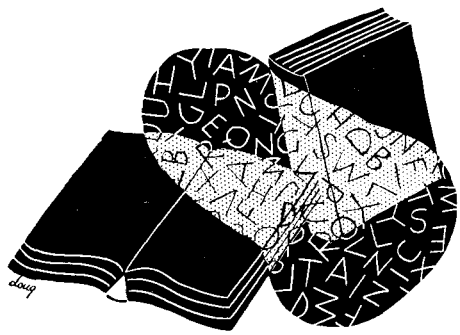
Is journalism a profession or isn't it?

Why, yes, of course, said the publishers when it was first suggested that they submit like any other business to the provisions of the wages-and-hours laws. How can you put professional brains and creative work on a timeclock basis?

No, of course not, they cry when you suggest that the press submit to the standards and controls exercised over other callings that claim to be professions. Granting that medicine has quacks, law has shysters, education has charlatans, and the ministry has Elmer Gantrys—at least they can be unfrocked or disbarred or disqualified.

What is to stop any madman—or madwoman—who happens to have relatives in the business from putting out a newspaper? What is to prevent any facile ex-sportswriter or any cynical ex-crime reporter from setting himself up as world expert before a ready-made audience and poisoning the minds of millions with malice and misinformation? What is to keep any xenophobe who doesn't even know his own language from becoming a foreign correspondent and muddying the waters of international understanding?

This is not to say that there ought to be a law. Other professions have found proper ways of policing their own ranks. Inside the newspaper fraternity, however, it isn't even polite to point.



WHEN the scientists realized what they had let loose by splitting the atom they left the laboratories and rushed to the law chambers and the hustings for aid in controlling the thing that might mean suicide for civilization.

While some writers do their best in their columns to counteract the warlike spirit being whipped up in a great part of the press, few of them would think of suggesting that this criminal irresponsibility be curbed somehow.

The other day one New York newspaper flexed its muscles and cried in capital letters: "This country does not fear any country at war." That kind of talk, yesterday, meant, at worst, another war. Today it invites the destruction of civilization. If they are not afraid of the very word *war,* the gentlemen are indeed mad.

No, our journalism today has no standards, either technical or ethical, by which its practitioners are obliged to abide—no credentials and no tests. It has codes, plenty of them. The American Society of Newspaper Editors has a code. The American Newspaper Guild has a code. Even the International News Service has a code. So far any one of them is little more than a code in the head. Only the individual conscience gives stature and status to the reporter, editor, and publisher.

Not that we all don't kick the gong around. We quarrel, and often quibble, about facts and opinion, about objectivity and bias, immediacy and perspective, monopoly and competition, freedom and controls, about whether to give the public what we think it wants or what we think it needs.

In the recent rupture between the press associations and the State Department—in the midst of a lot of pious talk about the fear of propaganda and the like—one editor revealed in a trade-organ symposium what was on most of their minds.

"Let the foreign sources buy the cold facts and form their own opinions," he said.

Recently Kent Cooper, general manager of the Associated Press, who has been conducting a high-minded crusade to spread the free press as we know it all over the world, commented to me, in connection with the AP's refusal to supply its news file to the government for short-wave broadcasts abroad: "I don't see U. S. Steel giving anything away."

(*Continued on page* 37)

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A People's Soldier

MY THREE YEARS WITH EISENHOWER: The Personal Diary of Captain Harry C. Butcher, USNR, Naval Aid to General Eisenhower, 1942-1945. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1946. 911 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

THIS book is not a military biography in the tradition of Henderson and Freeman. It is not a history of our greatest campaign. It is just what its title says, and no more: the diary of a man who spent three years in close association with America's greatest captain of armies during the time when he established his right to that proud preëminence. As such, it is invaluable to the further biographer and historian who will, in the fullness of time, produce the careful, patient, reflective works which will record General Eisenhower's life and victories. And as such it is likewise invaluable to the reader of today as a faithful picture of the man to whom we all owe so much.

As we read it, we will be grateful that it was written by a first-class reporter, and that such a reporter had the unique opportunities afforded to Captain Butcher—in his intimate and constant contact with the Commander-in-Chief, in the confidence and frankness with which General Eisenhower dealt with him, his access to all documents and messages, and the semi-independent position which he enjoyed as a naval aide at an Army headquarters. We will be even more grateful for the qualities of Captain Butcher himself—his ability as a reporter, his warm friendliness and cheerful humor which endeared him alike to prime ministers and private soldiers, and the patient care with which he kept his diary complete under conditions which must have been a daily temptation to let the doggone thing go until tomorrow.

Captain Butcher does not attempt to disguise his admiration for his chief. If you are looking for the debunking and criticism which is so dear to the heart of the American iconoclast, you will not find it in this book. But if you wish to follow our great captain through the trials and perils of the greatest responsibility which our country has ever laid on the shoulders of a single commander, if you wish to understand something of the infinite complexities of war, here is your book.

Aside from its portrait of Eisenhower the man and the general, I think the book's greatest present value is in its demonstration of a fact which most Americans do not yet fully understand: that in the making of war and in the maintenance of peace the political and military factors can never be separated. It is always, in a democracy, essential for a commander-in-chief to satisfy his political superiors that his plans are sound and that they will achieve the objectives for which the war is being fought. Sometimes these political superiors have definite military ideas of their own—Prime Minister Churchill had a good many, as this book will show, and some of them had to be resisted—but there is also constant reference to the effect of military decisions on public opinion, and vice versa. The public confidence had to be maintained—even such a matter as a decision to shift the command of an army group under the pressure of changed conditions had to be considered in the light of its effect on the headlines back home. And if civilian statesmen expressed their views on military matters with a freedom which their competence did not always justify, we find also military men expressing their views on such subjects as whether it was proper for the British Prime Minister to seek a vote of confidence in the House of Commons on the Education Bill.

Yet for both there was justification: the civilians could gauge better than the soldiers the intangibles of public reaction to success or failure, the soldiers could gauge better than the civilians the disastrous effect on the war effort of a sudden change in government of one of the Allies.

The lesson to be drawn from all this is one not only for the past but for the uncertain future. It is a lesson of particular importance to the citizens of a nation which has become, all unwillingly, the greatest military power on earth, charged by the possession of power with a responsibility such as has never come to any nation before in human history. It is the twin lesson that the military power of this republic is and must remain the possession of its people, and that those people must in future give far greater weight than ever before to military advice in time of peace, that they may so use their power as to prevent the utter calamity of another war.

If it is true that the politician does not take kindly to military advice because it does not take account of political considerations which seem to him imperative, it is also true that the soldier does not take kindly to political interference in affairs which seem to him to require decision purely on military grounds. "He would be a lot happier," says Captain Butcher of his chief in North Africa, "if this was simply a military job." Probably as peace-time Chief of Staff General Eisenhower feels the same way. But it was not a purely military job he had in North Africa, and it is not a purely military job he has now. The account which Captain Butcher has given us of his daily work during the war is one which every citizen should read and ponder as we face a future in which the military power of the United States must be the foundation of freedom and of security for all the world.

—*Halsman*

Capt. Harry C. Butcher, no debunker.

This is a book which is full of quotable material—an almost irresistible temptation to the reviewer. But it is also a book for which the reviewer must feel a special responsibility not to provide in capsule form a resume of the contents for the lazy reader who skims through a detailed review and then doesn't read the book. It is a book about captains and kings, great men and little men, a pageant of history written from a viewpoint of rare opportunity, the moving panorama of that poignant and tragic drama which is war—either the last great war of our civilization, or the grim herald of its destruction.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 630)

ROBERT BROWNING:

PARACELSUS

For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant
Their proper joys and griefs; they grow too great
For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good.

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The Admirals: Saboteurs or Saviors?

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE CASE AGAINST THE ADMIRALS. By William Bradford Huie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc. 1946. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

IT IS a pity that the subject of air power is one which arouses among its devotees so much heat and so little taste for light. The question stands in less need for public discussion than before the invention of the atomic bomb rendered vast fleets of bombing planes obsolescent, but there is room for consideration of the whole question in an atmosphere of reason and empiricism. There is less room for the discussion in the tone normally adopted by such people as Seversky, and no room at all to consider it in the manner of this bad-tempered, unfair, and inaccurate book. Mr. Huie, who during the war chronicled the activities of the Seabees in a tone of strained admiration but with so little understanding that even they do not regard him as one of the more desirable public characters, here sets out to demonstrate two points—that an air force separate from the Army and the Navy is an absolute necessity, and that the only means of arriving at it is through merging the present armed forces and elevating the Air Force to equality with the others in the combined set-up.

With the merits of the controversy there are other places to deal; it is only necessary to note here that Mr. Huie makes very little contribution even to his own side. The book is written throughout in a tone of violent anger that would be suitable if the Army and the Navy had just finished losing instead of winning the greatest war in history; and though the specific charges run quite as much against generals as against admirals, the latter are the targets of Mr. Huie's anger, so they get all the vituperation.

The publishers report that they have gone to unusual lengths in checking the facts, which would seem to indicate that they need some new research talent, for the "facts" contain such facts as these: "B-17's and B-24's produced decisive results in Europe and the B-29's knocked Japan out of the war"; on the second day of Midway "the Japanese still had undamaged eight battleships, at least ten cruisers, and more than a score of destroyers"; that "the argument as to whether Army or Navy or Marine flyers sank the most ships at Midway will never be settled." Rather worse than this are his half-facts, as when he complains that the Air Corps was not permitted to decide what type of planes to build. The Navy is not permitted to decide what type of ships to build, either; that is the prerogatives of Congress, and it alone.

It is undoubtedly a fact that some Air Force officers predicted an attack on Pearl Harbor from the air; the half of the fact that Mr. Huie omits is that so did some naval officers, Admiral Ernest J. King among them. It is a fact that many of the leading admirals received their wings at the age of forty or more; the part that Mr. Huie omits is that hardly any aviators were old enough to have reached flag rank at the beginning of the war, and the Navy rightly felt its admirals should have some personal experience of flying.

More difficult to classify is another type of statement frequently recurring in this muddy torrent of lies and violence. For instance: "American seapower did not win Coral Sea and Midway. American air power, divided and improperly developed as it was, won those battles." Does Mr. Huie mean this as a figure of speech? Seapower, according to Mahan and his more recent commentators, means power over the sea, the ability to use the ocean for purposes of war or commerce. The means by which it is obtained have nothing to do with it. Granting, however, that Mr. Huie does not quite know what he is talking about, and the term he meant to employ was "naval power," he is still so wildly wrong as to leave one aghast. Everyone above the level of an idiot or an air force fanatic has

(*Continued on page* 36)

—*Bachrach*

William Bradford Huie sets out to prove that "an air force separate from the Army and Navy is an absolute necessity."

Reviewed by ROBERT NEVILLE

IT'S a pity that William Bradford Huie, in writing "The Case Against the Admirals," made a number of factual errors which should never have crept into print anywhere, let alone in a highly controversial book. The result is that practically everybody, from the Navy's publicity machine to the lowliest reviewer, has been busy gleefully pointing out Mr. Huie's inaccuracies rather than answering his arguments.

Mr. Huie's main plea is for unification of the armed forces. He contends, somewhat heatedly, that you can't trust the admirals when it comes to planning the defense of this country. It is a point well taken, as one Harry S. Truman has so recently testified, and the fact that the author has failed to cross a few t's and dot a few i's and has misspelled a few names here and there doesn't invalidate the case.

Actually, the arguments for unification seem to the layman so overwhelming that it is quite easy to understand Mr. Huie's impatience with anyone who might disagree. Can it be other than pure vested interest in a job that motivates the opposition to unification? At any rate, no jurisdictional quarrel between the services or between branches of the same service has ever, to this reviewer, made any sense. Moreover, in wartime, they can end in disaster. Inter-service jealousies do not, contrary to some arguments, further that competitive spirit which is admittedly good for any organization; and a repetition of the kind of running battle for overall command which developed between General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz in the Pacific could easily be avoided by a single Department of Defense in Washington.

The case for unification turns out also to be a case for a separate, autonomous Air Force, the creation of which has been opposed as much by the generals as by Mr. Huie's admirals. It is doubtful if today there are any admirals or generals of high station who really deprecate air power, as Mr. Huie suggests.

But if Mr. Huie is somewhat rambling and discursive on air power, he is wonderfully brief and to the point when he discusses the duplications and overlapping that result from two armed forces. He begins with the two airdromes, the Army's Bolling Field and the Anacostia Naval Air Station right across from the capital, and

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Values—at Bargain Prices

JACQUES BARZUN

IF AN observant reader were asked for the characteristic word of the decade, he would probably say "values," and I hope that he would put a certain derisive animus into his answer. For the way in which we are all chewing the sense and savor out of the term is too silly even for a silly generation. We foregather in large numbers to ask how we can "educate for values;" we take a thoughtful stance and declare that although So-and-so is able, one can't be sure about his "values;" and right and left, in place of the normal glut of "evaluations," now outmoded, we receive, tolerate, or demand "value-judgments"—which are presumably to plain judgments what irradiated bread is to an ordinary loaf.

The paradoxical title of Mr. Mumford's latest book,* "Values for Survival," holds a clue to this verbal mania. Since "The Origin of Species," roughly, Western men have been assuring one another that the only reality consists of hard, objective things. Feelings, preferences, purposes, imagination, which were once thought valuable and important had thenceforth to be considered illusory. Science had discovered the laws of survival and found that they left no place for the intangible. Accordingly we encouraged one another to be "realistic," and we scorned the stragglers who clung to notions of worth as if Quality could compete with Fact.

This mood continued, naturally, long after its instigators had repented of their rashness. From 1890 on, the critics of simple survival were numerous and articulate. But Nietzsche, Butler, James, or Shaw could shout himself hoarse revaluing values: we, being unhappy, remained incredulous. We had the compensation of something democratically flattering about mind being an illusion; and in any case, we did not want to let go of our only prop—which was science—until science itself was ready to concede that there might be, in the words of a famous psychologist, "a place for value in a world of fact." The word finally came and since then, that is to say ten or twelve years ago, we have been hurrahing for values with steadily increasing volume.

The result, if it can be sampled in the three books before me, is, I regret to say, rather disappointing. One must of course allow for the shocking events that have accelerated the reversal of opinion on the subject of human life, since the shock has distorted opinion while arousing it. Even so, I think our showing is poor. The heart has begun to beat again, but the mind is still hibernating. Mr. Mumford's essays and addresses, for instance, are brimful of public spirit, and his good will is such as any community would gladly enlist for use; but despite his sincerity amounting to zeal, the purposes he avows and his analysis of those he repudiates do not seem to be a natural part of his thought. Values figure largely in his account, but pretty much as would a drug in a prescription. One of his headings is "Starvation of Values": it might as well be "Deficiency in Vitamins."

The consequence is a deplorable unhistoricalness. Mr. Mumford's attack on Liberalism, for example, is an unconsciously trumped-up affair. We are told that Liberalism had an inherent weakness: true, but how does that distinguish it from every other system of thought? Further generalities make one wonder what or whom Liberalism refers to. Certainly not to any Liberal thinkers and doers that history records. Neither Mill nor Guizot nor Morley nor Tocqueville nor the editors of *The Economist* nor Sir Norman Angell rise up before me as I read the indictment. Vague and remote followers, perhaps? In that case, why talk of a system of thought? Vagueness in fact rules Mr. Mumford's portentousness, whether he contrasts the "world of 1938" with the "premises of 1928" or finds in retrospect that he prophesied truly the "menace of fascism."

When the discourse turns from politics to education, which is a world still easier to be clear about, I feel the same unhappy sensation of a muffled echo sounding through an empty house. The rooms are marked

"Socially responsible teachers," "Liberalism," "The nineteenth century" or "The frontier spirit," but nobody lives in them, and the voice floating along the halls is not that of an inmate.

Perhaps the most characteristic instance of the fault is the unfortunate juxtaposition Mr. Mumford makes of a "pragmatic liberalism," which he denounces, with a quotation on ethics from William James, which he approves. It seems not to have occurred to the writer that James chose the name of Pragmatist for himself, and that he gave it a meaning which should be sufficiently respected by the cultural historian to prevent his using it, in effect, against its author. Mr. Mumford's error here is one of spiritual tact merely, but I am not sure it is not the same error which in different forms reduces the worth of all his pages in this collection to that of a biographical note in a writing career devoted to more congenial subjects.

The very same question fits Mr. Royce Brier's "Western World," but the answer cannot be left in doubt. His "study of the forces shaping our time" is a gross travesty of what it deals with. Not only is the book studded with incautiously worded generalities ("Galileo with his telescope ending forever the crushing anthropocentrism of man"), but the author's mistaken will-to-teach makes him rattle around without force or direction inside the bounds of ignorance, pompous naïveté, and jargon: "The English, the Americans, the French, and the Russians [also] contain large elements of a harsh, rapacious, and irrational character. They comprise an *internationale*, so to speak, and are always bubbling beneath the surface of the national life of the several peoples. Occasionally they have got the upper hand." With such a loose grip on the stuff of human affairs, it is no wonder the would-be historian now and then gives up explanation altogether. Speaking of the transformations of Christianity, he says: "This was inevitable. It was not willed by the men of the time, or of an earlier time. It was an act of Nature, a birth. Barring an accident, it must occur."

This sad little paragraph is really an alarming sign of the chasm between head and heart. Mr. Brier's "values" are pathetically right, his industry is commendable, for he must have consulted other books while writing his own, but all he has succeeded in doing is to establish in print his utter incomprehension of what interests him most. Just as Mr. Mumford floats in abstraction and is always subtly off the mark, so Mr.

**Values for Survival.* By Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 314 pp. $3.
Western World. By Royce Brier. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 272 pp. $2.50.
On the Nature of Value: The Philosophy of Samuel Alexander. By Milton R. Konvitz. New York: King's Crown Press. 1946. 117 pp. $2.

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Brier lunges at the concrete and ends crudely in comparable failure.

The question of technique is still more clearly posed in the most workmanlike of the three books under review, Mr. Konvitz's summary and criticism of the late Samuel Alexander's theories of Value. The critic shows how one modern thinker, in trying to withdraw from the impasse of nineteenth century naturalism, followed inconsistent lines of exit. Do values belong to the solid, objective universe of space and time, or solely to mind? They can have reality in either case, but it would be convenient to know where to find them at home. This raises further problems as to the habitat of qualities generally—if the sweetness is not in the sugar, can the beauty be said to be in the sunset or in the symphony?

Mr. Konvitz's discussion of all these points, as originally settled by Alexander, cannot of course be summarized here. I can only reaffirm its limited merits and suggest how, once again, a worthy interest in a subject seems balked by a kind of unfamiliarity with it that "technique" cannot cure. Mr. Konvitz has read his sources and other things besides, so that his work is a compound of strict technical exposition and free criticism or illustration of his own choosing. On the technical side, it is hard to avoid the feeling that a good many sentences belong to the category of word spinning with which philosophical students plague themselves and one another. But let this pass. It is the inadequate homely illustrations, the florid and uncalled-for generalities, the ill-adapted examples that destroy the reader's confidence. Would a truly philosophical mind, for example, dogmatically impute self-deception to Browning for praising old age: "In his heart of hearts he must have known that youth is like summer morn and summer brave, and old age is full of care and winter weather"? Again, how can a maker of fine distinctions interpret the view that man is the measure of all things as necessarily arrogant and vain, failing to see the possibility of its being the only really modest hypothesis?

Likewise, in dealing with the important matter of "pure" art versus an expressive art linked with life and nature, by what bad luck did the writer choose the very doubtful instance of Beethoven's indebtedness to the yellowhammer for the theme of the allegro in his "Fifth Symphony?" Mr. Konvitz has read Grove on Beethoven and he has doubtless heard the symphony, but he can hardly have reflected on music at large and the C Minor in particular if he believes simultaneously that Beethoven was inspired by a chirping bird for the production of those four notes, and that, as rendered in the symphony, these notes signify Fate knocking at the door. I leave out of account the further testimony, overlooked by Mr. Konvitz, about the role of birds in the genesis of the "Sixth Symphony," where they more plausibly belong, and about the arpeggio figure by which Beethoven freely rendered the yellowhammer's song.

It is not the fact or the scholarship that matters here: it is the relation of the writer to his material, quite as in Mr. Mumford's confronting James with an anti-pragmatic position, or Mr. Brier's tangle with modern history. Put abstractly, it is not inaccuracies nor mistakes nor even great blunders that vitiate books. We are none of us infallible and the adage is true that the greater the man, the greater the errors to which he is liable. What is deplorable, what is dangerous, is the steady, sincere bungling which comes of application without affinity for the task, of good will divorced from instinct about its object. And the moral carries over to our "values," personal or collective: it is a fine thing to talk about them, short of boredom, but they cannot be adopted like resolutions, nor even grafted on by quick plastic surgery. They must grow from within, the slow way, like talents, character, and the expertness that makes a book ring true.

Rocky Mountain Boy

A SOLO IN TOM-TOMS. By Gene Fowler. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 390 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

TOO many books about the Far West emphasize covered wagons, timber wars, and weather-beaten women standing off Apache raiders with a long rifle. The America beyond the Continental Divide is not only a land of railroad feuds, gigantic irrigation projects, and rivalry between sheep and cattle men. It is also a place where normal people live—people who leave home over breakfast-table tiffs, people who fall in love and fall out of love, people who make money and people who have a good time.

Gene Fowler has written a story of these normal people out West. One might say that Fowler's father, Charles Devlan, who stalked out of the house and never came back for thirty years, was slightly abnormal.

Gene Fowler: "Were we not all aliens once or twice or three times removed?"

Yet the psychiatrists tell us that normal folks do funny things, too. Normal folks also live out West, as Gene Fowler demonstrates.

"A Solo in Tom-Toms" is the story of a Rocky Mountain boyhood and of the start of a unique newspaper career. It is a story warmly and sincerely told. Not all of it is laid in Denver, where Fowler grew up. Yet the feel of Denver clings to all its 390 pages. Ring Lardner said, "Fowler is the last of the bison," and one knows that this was a compliment which the young man from Denver treasured. "The fact was, and the fact remains," he adds, "that I never left the plains and the mountains."

With the assurance that stems from experience, Fowler handles memorable events with a deft touch—a small boy's impression of Colonel Buffalo Bill Cody, a reporter interviewing an assistant secretary of the Navy named Franklin D. Roosevelt, the massacre of Plains Indians at Big Sandy by bullying whites.

Fowler's book is not suspended from the usual moose-antler peg of most Western tales. Yet in a way it is nearly that. His father stomped angrily out of the house over a quarrel involving a cup of coffee. Charles Devlan packed off to the hills and stayed there three decades. "A Solo in Tom-Toms" reviews the events antecedent and subsequent to this demonstration that Westerners, too, live and love and laugh and swear.

Not a few Western tales exude sugary descriptions of scenery. Fowler has held this to a few pages. Yet, his picture of the Rocky Mountain basin to which his father trekked sets a background that is never wholly lost or forgotten. Charles Devlan settled in a wilderness of

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"Douglas fir, slender Engleman spruce and towering yellow pine." In the crags above Denver he homesteaded 160 acres "where spring would unlock this pale and frozen silence with the resonance of wild bees and the tumbling songs of liberated streams."

Gene Fowler matured at the foot of these solitudes and they influenced his life. The West always remained a part of him. Its breeziness enabled him to survive major and minor casualties. He could smile a wry smile when he lost a great love, Gloria, because someone told her that drug addicts didn't eat meat. Fowler's diet was on the vegetarian side. Q. E. D., he became a drug addict. Gloria suddenly looked on him with horror despite his own knowledge "that I was still a virgin and had never taken the mildest sedative in all my twenty-three years."

A newspaper reporter does not see only attractive bosoms and the bottoms of beer mugs. He also peers into the human tragedies around him. Fowler remembers the workman mangled in the railroad wreck who worried only that he might be home late for supper and his wife would be alarmed. He recalls the Negro crushed beneath a scaffolding whose bleeding chest wheezed out hallelujahs as he died. And he looks back, too, on the rise of a Denver judge named Ben Lindsey who saw juvenile prisoners as unfortunates rather than incorrigibles. "There is no monument to Judge Ben B. Lindsey in the city of Denver," writes Fowler. "He needs none."

Fowler knew Jack Dempsey, John Reed, Upton Sinclair, and many others who moved across the Rocky Mountain scene. One day Reed told him in the Press Club, "Success in writing is the sum of industry plus talent. There's no shortage of talent and there's no shortage of industry. There *is* a shortage, however, of the combination of both talent and industry in one person."

Gene Fowler's account of his career is told with a fine understatement. This applies to his marriage to a clerk in the City Health Department named Agnes Hubbard. It applies, as well, to his expression of faith in young men "of spirit and daring." In this day of intolerance and suspicion toward many of our neighbors, a lot of people might do worse than read Fowler's impression of the English immigrants who gave him a steady hand on the Denver *Post* and the *News:* "Were we not all aliens, once or twice or three times removed? Americans were people, human in all respects, garishly remiss at times, creatures of impulse, but always on the grand march to the future."

Thoreau in a Novel

TWO RIVERS MEET IN CONCORD. By T. Morris Longstreth. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 1946. 286 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

THE re-creation of famous literary figures as characters in a novel is a difficult and dangerous business. They have told so much of themselves in their own words, and so much has been written about them, that the reader has his own conception of what they must

have been like as people living in their own time and place. However skilful the novelist may be, he risks violation of cherished images.

The undertaking is more than ever fraught with danger when the novelist attempts to picture with some fullness perhaps the most famous community in the history of American letters. Few villages in the United States are as well known as the Concord of a hundred years ago when it was the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bronson Alcott, Margaret Fuller, William Ellery Channing, and the world of Henry David Thoreau.

Concord is the scene, and all of these and others enter directly or indirectly as characters into "Two Rivers Meet in Concord." Thoreau is one of the novel's principal figures. It is decidedly to the credit of Mr. Longstreth that he gives human reality and living warmth to the famous American writers and thinkers who move through the pages of his Concord story, and that Concord itself is convincingly presented, not as a quaint museum piece or neatly dusted shrine, but as a pleasant and natural village community. It is shown aware of its great men, but not unduly impressed; appreciative, but often severely critical. The normal busyness of everyday life and the lives of the villagers went on side by side with the ideal world of the Transcendentalists and the lives they lived on planes somewhat above the geographic level of Concord ground.

A lesser villager, young Jim Minot, is the stalwart hero of the dramatic and romantic story of "Two Rivers Meet in Concord." A nephew of George Minot, farmer admired by Thoreau for his simple love of his farmer's life, and himself Thoreau's close friend, admirer, and defender from village criticism, Jim Minot is working in the Emerson garden when the story opens. That night, against the orders of the selectman, he helps Thoreau toll the town-house bell to summon an audience to hear Emerson lecture against slavery.

It is Jim who takes Thoreau's place in the pencil shop of Thoreau & Son so that Henry can build his hut at Walden Pond and go there to think and write his "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers." According to the novel, Jim later assisted when in May of 1845 Emerson, Hawthorne, and Alcott helped Thoreau with the raising of the hut he had built on Emerson's land after cutting his white pine timbers with an axe borrowed from Alcott.

Jim is a frequent visitor to the Walden hut, going there on July 12, 1845, as one of a picnic party got up by Lidian Emerson for Thoreau's birthday. But Henry, who it will be remembered had taken up residence July 4, did not show up, and Jim had to leave on the table the birthday cake which Mrs. Thoreau had baked and sent. Jim was not too sorry on that occasion for Julie was also there, and he was hardly yet free of Willa.

Thoreau, his independence, and idealism form one pole of Jim Minot's thought and emotion. Love of women, the land, the call of adventure and gain in the West or in Canada, are the unsteady elements of the pole opposite. Courageous and sensitive, he is trying to achieve a pattern for his own life which will embrace all that he so intensely admires in Henry Thoreau yet allow fulfillment of his own equally intense desires and needs. He has thoughts of his own as he listens to

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Emerson and Thoreau lecture, decisions to make as he helps Thoreau chase and capture an escaped pig in the Concord streets, a tale which Thoreau himself tells in his journal.

The story of Jim Minot is well and strongly told, a more vivid tale than the reader might expect in this setting with these associations. Thoreau's part is well and pleasingly handled, with accuracy to the facts of his life and writing and to what—given the opinions of Emerson, Lowell, Stevenson, Channing, Blake, and in our own day Atkinson, Canby, and all the others who have written of one of our most original and independent Americans—seems to have been like.

It is unquestionably picking a minor flaw to say that the author's device of putting Thoreau's written words into his mouth as conversational speech is not too effective. It makes for accuracy, but also for a kind of jarring awkwardness. The whole is both an intelligent and highly readable novel and a pleasant picture of Concord life in the days of Concord's greatness.

A Russian Sailor on His Navy

SOUL OF THE SEA. By Leonid Sobolev. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 352 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THIS volume consists of a dozen or so of shorter and longer short stories. Read through, they form a whole. The characters of one story never reappear in another, nor do the types they seem to stand for. Yet you are under the growing spell of a definite continuity such as you experience in reading a novel. As far as the author's writing technique goes, the different heroes of his yarns are but episodes. The real hero of this collection is a collective (though, technically, it may not be called that in Soviet parlance): the Red Navy.

The history of the Russian fleet cannot compare with those of other seafaring great powers. Actually, that history had been a rather pathetic one for two centuries—ever since Peter's victory over the Danes at Hangö-Udd. The lack of an ice-free outlet to the high sea has always hampered the movements of Russian ships. The battle of Tsushima, in which the brand-new Japanese fleet crushed the obsolete armada of Nicholas II—it had, under appalling conditions, sailed from the Baltic around half the globe to meet the challenge—all but annihilated what was left of its fighting spirit.

Oddly enough, M. Sobolev has no story to tell in his book of the sailors' part in the Revolution; probably the *Potemkin* mutiny is an overworked subject of Soviet writing. His epic—for that is what this book really amounts to—begins with the Civil War. Blockaded by British men-o'-war, the Baltic units are moored at Kronstadt. The former imperial officers try to get used to their new title of "comrade-commanders" and the presence of political commissars on their ships. Their duties are limited. The second navigator of the *Petropavlosk*—the protagonist of the first story—is mainly concerned with how to use his shore leave for bringing some eggs to his family. He hasn't got the eggs yet, but has taken along some wood shavings to pack the precious cargo. As a fire starts on the waterfront along which he bicycles, he is caught by the excited crowd and accused (the shavings!) of arson and counter-revolutionary sabotage; in actual fact it was he who discovered the fire. He is handed over to the dreaded secret police. The happy ending—in the office of the

Cheka, mind you—is a superb piece of writing.

Propaganda? Perhaps. But then you may call the navy fiction of any nation propaganda as well. Like naval men everywhere, M. Sobolev is inordinately proud, and even enamored, of his fighting branch; and since his navy owed its virtual resurrection to the Soviet government, he is of course proud—and perhaps inordinately so—of the Soviet regime. Step by step in his stories he follows the modernization of the Russian fleet, the revival of its spirit and the integration of the new commanders taken from the ranks with the old-style officers. The friction between these two groups may be slightly played down. In spite of the apparently rough-hewn matter-of-factness of his dialogue—the translation seems to be excellent—M. Sobolev is a very subtle and very clever writer.

A piece such as "Everything in Order," dealing with a U-boat commander who on his first combat mission almost freezes to death in his conning tower, would seem overdone at the hands of a lesser artist. That saga of military endurance as told by this author ends on a humorous, almost comic, note. There is much genuine humor in some of the other stories, too—or rather, a stunning juxtaposition of the grim earnestness common to all ideological-minded regimes with the slow, as if chuckling, peculiar humor shared by the Russians with none. For about a third of the space at his disposal M. Sobolev yields the floor to one Captain Vassili Lukitch Kirdiaga, a fictional, or semi-fictional, spinner of yarns. One of them, "A Dizzy Career," is a riotous anecdote.

"The Night of the Summer Solstice," which without much plot retells the fateful day of Germany's attack on the U.S.S.R., has become one of the classics of Russian war writing. The present book has won the Stalin Prize for Literature. Its author did not start writing until he was nearly forty. Thirty-five out of his forty-eight years he spent as a navy man—as an Imperial Cadet at the Nicholas Naval College, and as a navigation officer of a destroyer, of a flotilla flagship, of a brigade of minesweepers, and finally of one of the large battleships. In World War II he was at Tallin, Odessa, Sevastopol, Novorossiysk; following the old tradition of his branch—the Russians have no Marine Corps—he also fought on land and took part in the great counter-offensive which liberated his beloved Russia and made her emerge as a power of which the navy's founder, Peter the Great, would have been proud.

Certainly, navy men everywhere will greet Leonid Sobolev as their equal—and not a few navy writers will recognize him honestly as their superior.

Horace: Odes, III, 3

By Christopher Morley

Iustum et tenacem propositi. . .
Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinae.

STOUT fellow (Horace says) the man
Tenacious of his proposition;
And what will shake him? Nothing can,
Not even an atomic fission.

If all the world were atomized
(Which would take some doin')
You'd find him still unterrorized
Beneath the ruin.

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Carey, Adelaide, Genevieve, Ellen

HAWK'S FLIGHT. By Helen Hull. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1946. 280 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

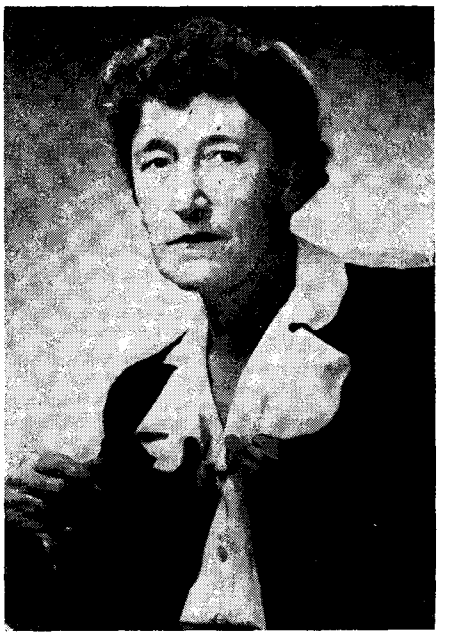
IN THIS expertly constructed novel Helen Hull has given us the story of not one marriage and the obscure, unrecognized motives which affected its course, but of four —four separate yet inextricably interlocking experiments in the art of getting along with one another. Carey Moore, eminent woman scientist, during her recovery from a nervous breakdown analyzes in retrospect her own life, and the lives of her neighbors on the Ridge, a pleasantly exclusive bit of the Connecticut countryside where, in the early 1920's, she and her husband began their life together.

When Carey and her husband bought their house on the Ridge they became members of a compact little social community. The four young couples were to the casual eye perfectly normal, ambitious, reasonably well off, well adjusted people. They were all young, in the 1920's, all friends in the intimate manner of people who are constantly together because they live in the same small circle. And each marriage, in its own fashion, was riding for a fall. Each wife, and it is of the wives that Miss Hull chiefly writes, was a type of woman which any Court of Human Relations could tell you is dangerous to have around the house. There was Ellen Hunter, arrogant, assured, determined to have everything—wealth, social position, and her own successful career in a high powered advertising agency. There was Adelaide Burchall, whose life was centered exclusively in her husband and children, the smug, superdomestic sort of woman who smothers her family with an all-enveloping, fiercely maternal possessiveness. There was Genevieve Willets, possessive in a different way, holding her husband and her child to her by the tyranny of neurotic invalidism. And there was Carey Moore, the narrator, ruthless, ambitious, determined to make her mark in the world of scientific research at the expense of everything that might interfere—love, children, even a charitable sympathy for other human beings.

What each of these women does to her husband, to herself, to her neighbors and her own marriage, makes up the plot of this intricate fourfold drama. Each story is a major or minor tragedy.

It would seem less a stacking of the cards to support the contention that so few marriages are successful if Miss Hull had let at least one of these couples make the grade without catastrophe. One has the feeling that the characters were made for the plot rather than that the plot was the natural consequence of human behavior. For the purposes of her story, however, Miss Hull has chosen her cast carefully and well. They are types, but types perfectly fitted to the roles they play, pointing the moral which is the book's underlying theme,—that the tragedy is that so few of us even try to see, before it is too late, the reasons for the things we do, the obscure motives, the wilful personal searching for happiness on our own terms, which if they had been recognized would have altered the course we took.

Miss Hull is an accurate and perceptive observer of human behavior, particularly in American family life of the higher than middle bracket, intellectually; and economically. And she has handled her complex plot with great dexterity and precision.



Helen **Hull tells her tale with** "warmth and pity . . . **wise and generous** sympathy."

For all its intricacy, there is no confusion. It is an unsparing picture, yet there is a warmth and pity, a quality of wise and generous sympathy which makes these four case histories poignant human dramas.

Housemother

By Reginald Lawrence

WHITSUNDAY afternoon at evensong
She stands before her treasures row on row
Naming them while we wait the supper gong.
Ears half-aware the chorister below
Singing their *Nunc Dimittis,* eyes and hands,
Brief infidels, tell their unholy show.
Lord lettest thy servant depart in peace
According to Thy Word.
These are called cup-plates. Notice one that stands
Behind the hen-on-the-nest, a Valentine
In Sandwich glass, all etiquette demands.
Sometimes I marvel they can all be mine.
Here are the laceplates, this Feather-and-Star
Bluejay-and-Holly. I have eight or nine.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Shine on our darkness and lend us Thine aid
Another Epiphany. Leave the door ajar,
I mustn't miss the Benediction. These
Aren't real.—Well, do you think we'll go to war?
The colors are pleasant, yes. Hold this one, please,
Up to the light. A curious amethyst,
Ruby-and-Dove. Used, I suppose, for cheese.
Come unto Him ye weary and heavy-laden
And He will give you rest.
That's Starnes having alto-trouble. He'll be missed
when his voice changes. You remember Page
Went like that, overnight, trying to enlist!
Such nonsense, we said then, a boy his age.
But he came back—minus four years, of course—
They say now Bristol glass is all the rage.
As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be
World without end. Amen.

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First Guesses on the Pulitzer Awards

IF you are making book (a most unbookish phrase) on this year's prospects for the Pulitzer prizes in fiction, biography, history, and poetry, your one best bet is "The Age of Jackson," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. In the trial heats it ran away not only from everything else in its own field, but from everything in all the other fields as well. Of twenty-nine of the nation's book reviewers with sufficient courage to identify 1945 prize candidates, seventeen picked "The Age of Jackson" for the history award, plus one who chose it as biography.

"The Age of Jackson" crossed the finish line fourteen lengths ahead of its nearest competitor, "Saints and Strangers," with George F. Willison up. "Lincoln the President," driven hard by J. G. Randall, was a length behind. The seven other contenders finished in a sensational tie for last place. For as a result of the heavy plumping for "The Age of Jackson," only ten titles in all were nominated in the history group.

Eleven titles comprised the biography selections. But if this had been a horse race, what a thriller it would have been! Samuel Hopkins Adams's "A. Woollcott: His Life and His World" received six votes, Richard Wright's "Black Boy" five (plus one, oddly, under the fiction heading), Claude J. Bowers's "The Young Jefferson" four (plus one under history). Two other titles received two votes each, and four others one vote each, including, as noted, "The Age of Jackson."

The fiction selections seemed to indicate a wild and almost successful attempt to include every novel produced in 1945. (By some unaccountable oversight, nobody picked "The Age of Jackson.") Adria Locke Langley's "A Lion Is in the Streets" topped the list with six choices, with "The White Tower" second with four —four, that is, if the *SRL* was right, as it believes it was, in assuming that "The White Mountain" of one voter really meant James Ramsey Ullman's story. Two novels received two votes each and no fewer than thirteen one vote each. Two reviewers declined to commit themselves or, perhaps, thought there was nothing good enough to choose—a view which the Pulitzer committee has reflected only once—1920.

Poetry ran an even more exciting race than biography, with Karl Shapiro, the previous year's winner, leading with four votes, followed by W. H. Auden with three. Four titles received two votes each, and nine others one vote each. Fifteen titles in all were selected. Five reviewers did not vote.

Two newspaper reviewers declined to vote at all, each for good cause. Ferd Gottlieb of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* wrote: "As the *Post-Dispatch* is owned and published by the Pulitzer family, it seems to us out of place for the paper, or any staff member, to participate in such a poll as *The Saturday Review* conducts each year, as there is a possibility that embarrassments and misunderstandings might develop as a result. While we find your poll very interesting each year, we believe it preferable that a paper that is somewhat associated with the awards should not be represented." One cannot quarrel with this decision, nor with that of another St. Louisan, Reed Hynds of the *Star-Times*, who writes: "Since I returned only the other day from a four-year stint in the Army, I don't feel qualified to judge last year's books. Sorry."

Fanny Butcher of the *Chicago Tribune* adds to her choice of "Beach Red" the challenge "Even if he says it isn't poetry." Winfield T. Scott of the *Providence Journal* appends to his nomination of Emily Dickinson's "Bolts of Melody" the following: "Cash to be held by Amherst College Library till it may be used in furtherance of a complete and correct edition of E.D.'s poems." Of the six reviewers who chose "A. Woollcott," two spelled "Woollcott" wrong.

Pulitzer Prize Recapitulation

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
FICTION	
A LION IS IN THE STREETS, by Adria Locke Langley (*Whittlesey House*)	6
THE WHITE TOWER, by James Ramsey Ullman (*J. B. Lippincott Co.*)	4
THE FRIENDLY PERSUASION, by Jessamyn West (*Harcourt, Brace & Co.*)	2
THE GAUNTLET, by James Street (*Doubleday, Doran & Co.*)	2
APARTMENT IN ATHENS, by Glenway Wescott (*Harper & Bros.*)	1
BLACK BOY, by Richard Wright (*Harper & Bros.*)	1
CASS TIMBERLANE, by Sinclair Lewis (*Random House*)	1
DAISY KENYON, by Elizabeth Janeway (*Doubleday, Doran & Co.*)	1
LOWER THAN ANGELS, by Walter Karig (*Farrar & Rinehart*)	1
POOR CHILD, by Anne Parrish (*Harper & Bros.*)	1
STUART LITTLE, by E. B. White (*Harper & Bros.*)	1
THE CITY OF TREMBLING LEAVES, by Walter van Tilburgh Clark (*Random House*)	1
THE FOLDED LEAF, by William Maxwell (*Harper & Bros.*)	1
THE JOURNEY HOME, by Harold Sinclair (*Doubleday, Doran & Co.*)	1
THE LONELY STEEPLE, by Victor Wolfson (*Simon & Schuster*)	1
THE WHITE DEER, by James Thurber (*Harcourt, Brace & Co.*)	1
THREE O'CLOCK DINNER, by Josephine Pinckney (*The Viking Press*)	1
NO VOTE	2
BIOGRAPHY	
A. WOOLLCOTT: HIS LIFE AND HIS WORLD, by Samuel Hopkins Adams (*Reynal & Hitchcock*)	6
BLACK BOY, by Richard Wright (*Harper & Bros.*)	5
THE YOUNG JEFFERSON, by Claude G. BOWERS (*Houghton Mifflin Co.*)	4
SOLDIER OF DEMOCRACY, by Kenneth S. Davis (*Doubleday, Doran & Co.*)	3
TOM PAINE: AMERICA'S GODFATHER, by W. E. Woodward (*E. P. Dutton*)	3
FIGHTING LIBERAL, by George W. Norris (*The Macmillan Co.*)	2
LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT: SPRINGFIELD TO GETTYSBURG, by J. G. Randall (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)	2
DAN SICKLES, by Edgcumb Pinchon (*Doubleday, Doran & Co.*)	1
NO MAN KNOWS MY HISTORY: THE LIFE OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE MORMON PROPHET, by Fawn M. Brodie (*Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.*)	1
THE AGE OF JACKSON, by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (*Little Brown & Co.*)	1
THE RUSSIA I BELIEVE IN, by Samuel N. Harper, edited by Paul V. Harper (*University of Chicago Press*)	1
HISTORY	
THE AGE OF JACKSON, by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (*Little, Brown & Co.*)	17
SAINTS AND STRANGERS, by George F. Willison (*Reynal & Hitchcock*)	8
LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT: SPRINGFIELD TO GETTYSBURG, by J. G. Randall (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)	2
ALBUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY, by James Truslow Adams, Editor-in-Chief (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)	1
BLACK METROPOLIS, by St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton (*Harcourt, Brace & Co.*)	1
DIPLOMAT IN CARPET SLIPPERS, by Jay Monaghan (*Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)	1
MAN AGAINST PAIN, by Howard Riley Raper (*Prentice-Hall, Inc.*)	1
THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE WAR (2 vols.) by Waverley Root (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)	1
THE YOUNG JEFFERSON, by Claude G. Bowers (*Houghton Mifflin Co.*)	1
TIN HORNS AND CALICO, by Henry Christman, with an introduction by Carl Carmer (*Henry Holt & Co.*)	1
POETRY	
AN ESSAY ON RIME, by Karl Shapiro (*Reynal & Hitchcock*)	4
THE COLLECTED POETRY OF W. H. AUDEN (*Random House*)	3
A MASQUE OF REASON (Poetic Drama) by Robert Frost (*Henry Holt & Co.*)	2
BEACH RED, by Peter Bowman (*Random House*)	2
BOLTS OF MELODY, New Poems of Emily Dickinson, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham (*Harper & Bros.*)	2
TAHL, by Jeremy Ingalls (*Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.*)	2
A MAN AGAINST TIME, by William Ellery Leonard (*D. Appleton-Century*)	1
A STONE, A LEAF, A DOOR, by Thomas Wolfe (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)	1
AMERICAN CHILD, by Paul Engle (*Random House*)	1
ESTHETIQUE DU MAL, by Wallace Stevens (*The Cummington Press*)	1
LITTLE FRIEND, LITTLE FRIEND, by Randall Jarrell (*Dial Press*)	1
ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH, by Norman Corwin (*Simon & Schuster*)	1
POEMS 1920-1945, by David Morton (*Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.*)	1
SELECTED POEMS 1912-1944 of Alfred Kreymborg (*E. P. Dutton & Co.*)	1
SELECTED POEMS (John Crowe Ransom) (*Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.*)	1
NO VOTE	5

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Individual Nominations of the Nation's Book Reviewers

The Saturday Review's Annual Pulitzer Prize Poll

Name and Medium	*Fiction Vote*	*Biography Vote*	*History Vote*	*Poetry Vote*
BEULAH AMIDON, *Survey Graphic*	The Journey Home	The Young Jefferson	The Age of Jackson	Poems 1920-1945 (Morton)
DAVID APPEL, *Chicago Daily News*	Lower Than Angels	The Young Jefferson	Saints and Strangers	Tahl
FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books*	Cass Timberlane	Fighting Liberal	The Age of Jackson	American Child
CLYDE BECK, *Detroit News*	The White Tower	Tom Paine	Diplomat in Carpet Slippers	Selected Poems (Ransom)
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald, Boston Traveler*	A Lion Is in the Streets	Fighting Liberal	The Age of Jackson	No Vote
CLIP BOUTELL, *New York Post*	A Lion Is in the Streets	No Man Knows My History	Men Against Pain	Essay on Rime
HELEN BOWER, *Detroit Free Press*	A Lion Is in the Streets	The Russia I Believe In	Saints and Strangers	No Vote
FANNY BUTCHER, *Chicago Tribune*	The White Tower	Black Boy	The Age of Jackson	Beach Red
FRANK DANIEL, *Atlanta Journal*	Three O'Clock Dinner	Tom Paine	The Age of Jackson	Collected Poems (Kreymborg)
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS, *Miami Herald, Washington Times-Herald*	The Lonely Steeple	A. Woollcott	The Secret History of the War	A Masque of Reason
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*	The Gauntlet	The Young Jefferson	The Age of Jackson	Collected Poetry (Auden)
ROBERT O. FOOTE, *Pasadena Star News*	The White Tower	The Age of Jackson	Lincoln the President	No Vote
LEWIS GANNETT, *New York Herald Tribune*	The Folded Leaf	Black Boy	The Age of Jackson	Essay on Rime
VICTOR P. HAAS, *Omaha World-Herald*	The Gauntlet	Dan Sickles	The Young Jefferson	No Vote
HARRY HANSEN, *New York World-Telegram*	The White Tower	Black Boy	The Age of Jackson	No Vote
MAX HERZBERG, *Newark News*	A Lion Is in the Streets	A. Woollcott	The Age of Jackson	A Masque of Reason
EDWARD A. LAYCOCK, *Boston Globe*	The City of Trembling Leaves	Soldier of Democracy	The Age of Jackson	Tahl
CHARLES LEE, *Philadelphia Record, Reader's Scope*	The Friendly Persuasion	Soldier of Democracy	Saints and Strangers	On a Note of Triumph
GEORGE MAYBERRY, *The New Republic*	No Vote	Black Boy	Black Metropolis	Collected Poetry (Auden)
MARIAN MURRAY, *Hartford Times*	No Vote	Tom Paine	Lincoln the President	Esthetique du Mal
STERLING NORTH, *New York Post*	The Friendly Persuasion	Black Boy	The Age of Jackson	Beach Red
W. M. REDDIG, *Kansas City Star*	Black Boy	Soldier of Democracy	The Age of Jackson	Collected Poetry (Auden)
MARY-CARTER ROBERTS, *Washington Star*	Apartment in Athens	Lincoln the President	Tin Horns and Calico	Bolts of Melody
KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER, *Newsweek*	Daisy Kenyon	The Young Jefferson	The Age of Jackson	Essay on Rime
WINFIELD T. SCOTT, *Providence Journal*	Poor Child	A. Woollcott	The Age of Jackson	Bolts of Melody
LON TINKLE, *Dallas Morning News*	A Lion Is in the Streets	Lincoln the President	The Age of Jackson	Little Friend, Little Friend
ROBERT VAN GELDER, *The New York Times Book Review*	Stuart Little	A. Woollcott	The Age of Jackson	Essay on Rime
DAL WILSON, *Milwaukee Journal*	The White Deer	A. Woollcott	The Age of Jackson	A Man Against Time
MARY THOMAS WOODS, *The Argonaut*	A Lion Is in the Streets	A. Woollcott	Album of American History 1783-1853	A Stone, A Leaf, A Door

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Strictly Personal

SOLLE'S SALON BY THE ROAD

WILL SOLLE entertained a dozen customers at his bookshop on this particular winter Sabbath afternoon. Two of the customers carried deer rifles. One left a pair of skiis on the steps. Another was a manufacturer who had fought blowing snow and drifted roads from a nearby small city . . . nearby in Will Solle's country but all of thirty miles away. A farmer's wife and her small daughter, a village postmaster, an apple grower, a visiting writer . . . these were some of the people who chose this particular Sunday afternoon to talk things over with Will Solle and incidentally to buy some books.

The Solle shop is a small, neat, white building beside State Highway 22 half a mile south of the village of Omena, Michigan. The population of Omena is one hundred. Grand Traverse Bay splashes its short rollers against a sandy beach just across the road from the shop. For three summer months tourists' cars carrying the license plates of forty-eight states find their way up this road, past cedar swamps, through pine forests, to Will Solle's door. The rest of the year the orders flow in by mail. This mail order business not only touches all the states but reaches out to South America, Europe, and Australia.

But Will Solle doesn't talk much about this mail order business or the tourist trade, either. He's not interested in the fact that in fifteen roadside years in a rather isolated corner of a rural county he has developed the largest book business in Michigan, except for half a dozen stores in Detroit, Grand Rapids, and Flint. Sales are less important to him than conversations on wintry afternoons with farmers, fishermen, country preachers, and deer hunters.

On this snowy day the two young fellows with the deer rifles and red hunting caps kicked the snow off their tall boots, stood their guns in the corner and asked if anyone had seen any bucks going by. It was getting too dark for shooting, however, and they weren't thinking of bucks at the moment.

It was books they wanted to talk about. Books and politics and religion and the state of the world. Will Solle was willing. Everyone else in the shop was willing. For this small country store without benefit of cracker barrel is a neighborhood forum, a place of argument, a box seat at the drama of yesterday and today in the world.

The talk on this afternoon ranged from local history to Senator Taft, from atomic energy to Plato; it touched on labor trouble, India, the United Nations, the American Legion versus the American Veterans' Committee. And always it got back to books. It was intelligent talk, informed, eager. Farmers and country storekeepers argued and expounded, quoted statesmen, radio commentators, preachers, economists.

They had been reading Will Solle's books, the books he sold them and the books he lent them and the books he gave away. He gives many away; he lends books by the hundred. Most of Solle's neighbors aren't rich. They can't afford to buy all the books they want, all the books they must read if they are to participate in these homespun salons beside the bay.

These winter conversations with the snow clawing the window and an occasional snowplow thundering past are more important to Solle than the fact that librarians, historians, universities all over America make a habit of writing to him asking his help in finding hard-to-find volumes.

Solle is a lean, gray man nearing fifty, a man with quick hands and quick speech and a scholar's sensitive face. His gray eyes burn with resentment at stupidity in high places or sparkle when the fires of enthusiasm are alight in him. He has a nimble way of darting about the shop, snatching books out of the shelves to bolster an argument.

He works day and night including Sundays, tries to take one afternoon and evening a week off but rarely succeeds . . . someone who must have some specific book immediately is forever pounding at his farmhouse door. When that happens he goes back to the shop and decides that next week he'll dedicate an evening to rest.

SOLLE came to Omena from Chicago in 1932. There he had been a super-book-salesman at a Michigan Avenue store. Among intellectual Chicagoans he had become an institution. He spoke their language. He actually read the books he sold. He talked about them honestly. If he thought that a book was stupid he said so. Shallow fiction bored him and he let that be known, too.

Then fifteen years ago his doctor ordered him to bed for a year. He was to go to the country and not even think of books or business. He knew of a farmhouse near this Michigan hamlet that had been pleasant on a summer vacation. So with wife and small son he started north after packing a few pieces of furniture and the several thousand books of his personal library. He put the books on pine shelves in the parlor and settled down to the ordered rest.

He needed money occasionally; he couldn't work. But he did have the books. So he put a modest sign

"It's one of those books that once you start it you can't lay it down."

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in the front yard near the road. A few tourists stopped. Farm neighbors came, drawn by curiosity. He sold a book, and then another and another.

"Have you anything about apple growing?" a man asked. Another wanted something on coöperative marketing. Someone else asked for a book of forestry.

"Nothing here, but I can get something for you," Solle replied. Thus the bookshop at the side of the road was born. There had never been one in the county, never a good one within two hundred miles. It is doubtful if the average family in the county owned five books in 1932. Book readers were looked on with amusement or suspicion. Solle had to scratch hard in that barren soil.

The first Christmas season his sales totalled eighty dollars. He refuses to tell how many books he sold last Christmas. But the postoffice and railroad agree that Solle's annual sales run into considerable tonnage.

In 1938, his health recovered, his shelves full of new and old books, he found that the farmhouse couldn't handle the trade. So he built the new shop, a white Cape Cod cottage with a broad window overlooking the highway and the bay.

Solicitous neighbors watched this expansion with apprehension. Will Solle sure was biting off an awful lot. Putting all that money into a new building! So after the first Christmas season there they dropped in singly and in pairs and asked him frankly how he'd made out. Solle could tell them that the mail orders and local sales had made him a right good profit. There was rejoicing in the hills.

Last Christmas and the one before he sent a book to every lad in the armed services from his community . . . several score of them . . . whose addresses he could find. He got many grateful replies, from Pacific islands, from Germany and the Middle East.

Solle is glad to have the mail order business which makes it possible for him to devote more time to the important thing in his life, helping his own bay shore community find the proper answers to the questions it is forever asking itself. He denies that he makes his neighbors think. They've always been good straight thinkers, he says. He merely supplies the tools with which they may sharpen their ideas and gives them a place where they can bat those ideas around.

He has a table devoted to local and regional history. Farmers and villagers, surprised that their own forebears were exciting enough to get between cloth covers, buy and read the books avidly. Several of the older inhabitants are setting down their recollections on paper and one storekepeer has taken to writing verse. "Pretty good poetry, too," Solle says.

OR distant customers in South America, on Atlantic islands, on desert ranches, Solle has his own informal book club. He never advertised it. Probably no member knows that there are others. There aren't many . . . only a dozen or so. To one woman who lives with her husband at a mine in the Andes he sends

four books a month. A rancher in the West gets one book "whenever anything I'll like comes out."

Solle hasn't seen most of these subscribers. He sends them what he knows they'll like, from reading their letters. But like the summer tourists and the mailorder buyers, these people are less important to Solle than his own hill and farm and shore folk.

His eyes flash angrily when anyone calls him a crusader. He isn't crusading for anything. He just happens to believe that people should have all the facts before they make up their minds. He belives in open discussion. He is merely giving his neighbors a chance.

Of late these neighbors have noticed that he delves deeply into books on religion and that he quotes them as well as economists and philosophers. No one knows quite what his religious beliefs are. He is a good Christian Scientist, according to one member of that faith. A village priest says he'd make a good Catholic. The Methodist preacher and Solle see eye to eye on many things.

One observer after fifteen years is convinced that Solle has a religion all his own. He has faith in the rightness of the people. He believes that given the facts—facts winnowed from history and kept alive in books—the people will find their way out of the modern world's complexities.

So he sells books. He lends books. He gives books away. In his own small corner of the world he has lit the lamp of culture . . . a word which he detests . . . and he's doing his agile best, year after year, to keep the flame aglow.

KARL DETZER.

Birds

By ERIC WILSON BARKER

WHEN day's white dancer woke between two hills
The falcons of the morning, swift and strong,
Flashed through the rift with wild and eager cries,
Smiting the silence with a rush of wings,
Drove upward, wheeled, flew level in the light,
Beating the silvered mesas of the dawn.

About meridian's burning hour they'd gone.
On steep and dark, on wide unhastening wing,
The vanguard of the sun-bright eagles came,
Dropping from aeries on the peaks of flame
Down sapphire slopes of noon.

In heaven's loveliest arc
(Earth's free seem captive now),
From luminous curve to arch,
Dark sails at rest,
From sapphire noon to evening's lupine sea,
They followed down the incandescent track
Curving toward the west,
To shade where shining was,
The matrix of the evening star.

From there the giver of quiet,
Peace-bringer to water and to earth,
The shortest-lived before the stroke of dark;
The gray wing-hoverer that must fall and die,
Struck on the wing by night's enormous bird,
Black-breasted with Antares-colored eye.

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"ONE WORLD OR NONE"—SOME MARGINAL NOTES

IF the states are at all serious in a design to establish a permanent *union*, let their sincerity be evinced by their public conduct.

Suppose the legislature of Rhode Island had no power to compel obedience to its laws, but any town in that state had power to defeat every public measure. Could any laws be rendered effectual? Could it with propriety be called a state? Could it be said that there was any supreme power, or any government? Certainly not. Suppose the smallest town in Connecticut had power to defeat the most salutary measure of the state; would not every other town rise in arms against any attempt to exert such a power? They certainly would. The truth of the case is, where the power of the people is not united in some individual or small body of individuals, but continues divided among the members of a society, that power is nothing at all. The fact is clearly proved under the first head of these observations, and more clearly felt by our fatal experience.

The American states, as to their general internal police, are *not united;* there is no supreme power at their head; they are in a perfect state of nature and independence as to each other; each is at liberty to fight its neighbor, and there is no sovereign to call forth the power of the continent to quell the dispute or to punish the aggressor.* It is not in the power of the Congress—they have no command over the militia of the states—each state commands its own, and should any one be disposed for civil war, the sword must settle the contest and the weakest be sacrificed to the strongest.

It is now in the power of the states to form a continental government as efficacious as the interior government of any particular state.

The general concerns of the continent may be reduced to a few heads; but in all the affairs that respect the whole, Congress must have the same power to enact laws and compel obedience throughout the continent, as the legislatures of the several states have in their respective jurisdictions. If Congress have any power, they must have the whole power of the continent. Such a power would not abridge the sovereignty of each state in any article relating to its own government. The internal police of each state would be still under the sole superintendence of its legislature. But in a matter that equally respects all the states, no individual state has more than a thirteenth part of the legislative authority, and consequently has no right to decide what measure shall or shall not take place on the continent. A majority of the states *must* decide; our confederation cannot be permanent unless founded on that principle; nay more, the states cannot be said to be *united,* until such a principle is adopted in its utmost latitude. If a single town or precinct could counteract the will of a whole state, would there be any government in that state? It is an established principle in government, that the will of the minority must submit to that of the majority; and a single state or a minority of states ought to be disabled to resist the will of the majority, as much as a town or county in any state is disabled to prevent the execution of a statute law of the legislature.

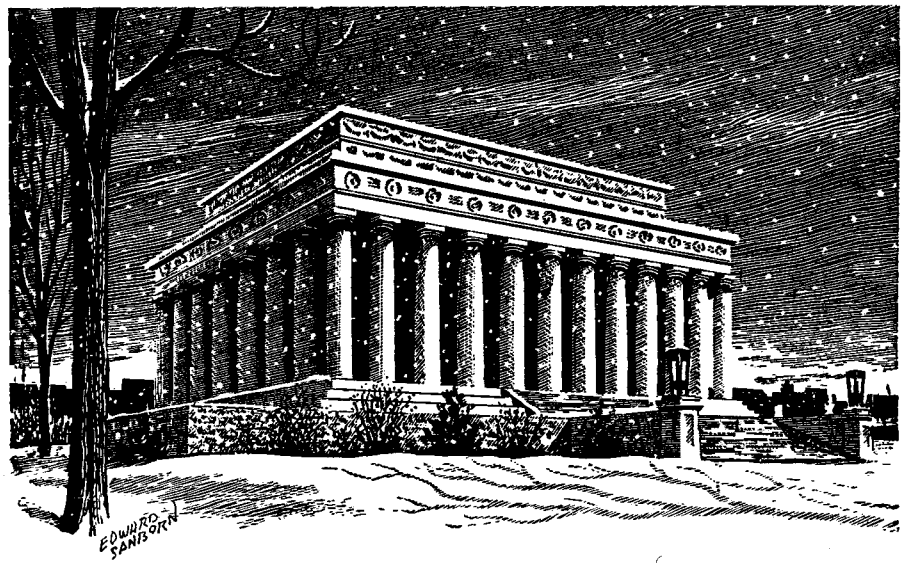
Either the several states must continue separate, totally independent of each other, and liable to all the evils of jealousy, dispute and civil dissension—nay, liable to a civil war upon any clashing of interests; or they must constitute a general head, composed of representatives from all the states, and vested with the power of the whole continent to enforce their decisions.

There can be no other alternative. One of these events must inevitably take place, and the revolution of a few years will verify the prediction.

—Noah Webster (1785).

We have errors to correct. We have probably had too good an opinion of human nature in forming our confederation. Experience has taught us that men will not adopt and carry into execution measures best calculated for their own good, without the intervention of a coercive power. I do not conceive we can exist long as a nation without having lodged somewhere a power, which will pervade the whole Union in as energetic a manner as the authority of the state governments extends over the several states.

Perfection falls not to the share of mortals. Many are of opinion that Congress have too frequently made use of the suppliant, humble tone of requisition in applications to the states, when they had a right to assert their imperial dignity and command obedience. Be that as it may, requisitions are a perfect nullity where thirteen sovereign independent, disunited states are in the habit of discussing and refusing compliance with them at their option. Requisitions are actually little better than a jest and a by-word throughout the land. If you tell the legislatures they have violated the treaty of peace, and invaded the preroga-



Congress ordered a number of troops to be raised for taking possession of the frontier posts and defending them from the savages. A year has elapsed since this order and the troops are now mostly at home. The enemy still hold our forts, possess the fur trade and ravage our new settlements. Such weakness in government is infamy.

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tives of the confederacy, they will laugh in your face.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON (1786).

THE RAPID progress true science now makes occasions my regretting sometimes that I was born so soon. It is impossible to imagine the height to which may be carried . . . the power of man over matter. We may perhaps learn to deprive large masses of their gravity, and give them absolute levity, for the sake of easy transport. Agriculture may diminish its labor and double its produce; all diseases may by sure means be prevented or cured, not excepting even that of old age, and our lives lengthened at 'pleasure even beyond the antediluvian standard. O that moral science were in as fair a way of improvement, that men would cease to be wolves to one another, and that human beings would at length learn what they now improperly call humanity!

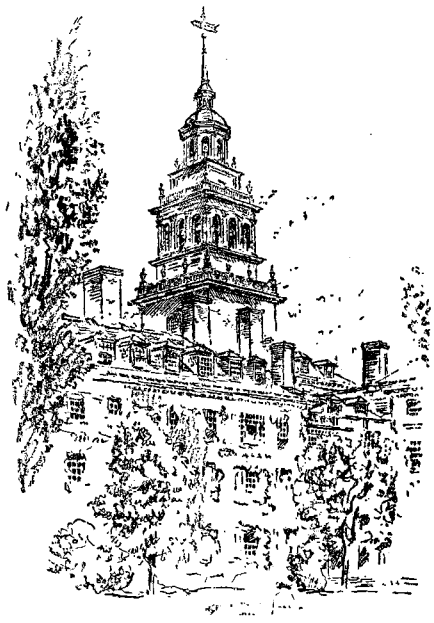
—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1780).

ALL THE pompous detail of material triumphs, whether for the one or for the other, is worse than idle, unless men shall become greater than the mere things that they produce, and shall know how to regard those things simply as tools and materials for the attainments of the highest purposes of their being. Ascending, then, from the ground floor of material industry towards the regions in which these purposes are to be wrought out, it is for each nation to consider how far its institutions have reached a state in which they contribute their maximum to the store of human happiness and excellence.

—W. E. GLADSTONE (1878).

WHAT THE young need to have taught to them is that they are born not mere atoms floating independent and apart for a season through a terraqueous medium, and sucking up as much more than their share of nourishment as they can seize; nor citizens of the world with no more definite duty than to keep their feelings toward all their fellows in a steady simmer of blank complacency; but soldiers in a host, citizens of a polity whose boundaries are not set down in maps, members of a church, the handwriting of whose ordinances is not in the hieroglyphs of idle mystery, nor its hope and recompense in the lands beyond death.

They need to be taught that they owe a share of their energies to the great struggle which is in ceaseless progress in all societies in an endless variety of forms, between new truth and old prejudice, between love of self or class and solicitous passion for justice, between obstructive indolence and inertia and generous mental activity. This is the sphere and definition of the social conscience: the good causes of enlightenment and justice in all lands. Here is the church militant in which we should early



seek to enroll the young, and the true state, to which they should be taught that they owe the duties of active and arduous citizenship.

—JOHN MORLEY (1876).

THE UNIVERSE at large would suffer as little in its splendor and variety by the destruction of our planet as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us.

But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability.

—THOMAS CHALMERS (1883).

THE WHOLE world is becoming a common field for intellect to act in. Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered.

—DANIEL WEBSTER (1830).

Dialogue With An Angel

By Sister Mary Jeremy

QUICKSILVER squire in the snow—
Child of man, what do you seek?
Where shall the lost and ruined go?
Or what appointed word have they to speak?
What work to do?

Endure.

I have done so.

And must again before the close,
Unsheltered with the crier-out and coward.
In cold and dark the root of sorrow grows
Until the bitter branch has flowered.

I am not bronze. My strength is low.
These hearts of stone
To the swift weapons of the foe
Must add their own.

And they do well to turn the blades of scorn
Against themselves whence all this grief is born.

Do you abhor me too?

Ah no.
In love I came,
Mistrustful mind, since Eden still the same.

Pity and doom must parley with each other
Till the last man becomes the seraph's brother.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Stereotypes and the Race Question

SIR: There are grave and heavy issues facing our nation today. Our government believes that it is vitally essential to our welfare and security that other nations be given a clear and true picture of American life. It is even more essential that a clear, true and self-respecting picture be given of each group that helps to make up our United States.

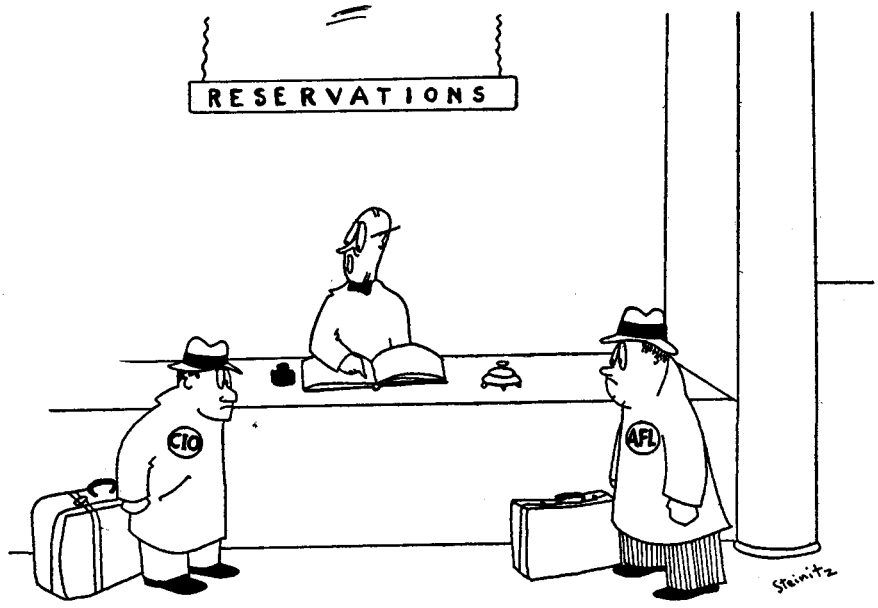
The radio industry has given telling blows from time to time against bigotry and hate. It is to this industry that we, as consumers, speak now.

Those of us who have returned from Army service all over the world are at work or in school under the G.I. Bill of Rights; or else are disabled and confined to home or hospital for treatment. In checking over daytime programs, veterans from the Wacs and Waves can find instances of malevolent or inexcusably ignorant confusion. An example is a program whose title "Right to Happiness" is an adaptation of a phrase from the Declaration of Independence. Such a title becomes a masterpiece of satire even as does the title "Life Can Be Beautiful" of another program when the veterans find in the commercial a continual daily exploitation of a servile, giggling Negro laundress type. To work in this stereotype, the executives responsible had to reverse the emphasis of former years of advertising the "Ivory look" and had to appropriate the slogan of their other laundry soap products for which products the laundry commercials are markedly different in tone and in type from that of the Negro. Another example is the exploitation of a customary caricature in the program, "When a Girl Marries." Lily, the maid, drips with the wishful thinking of some escapist for old plantation days. Lily is the nostalgic embodiment of the slave-ridden before-the-war South for some Lot's wife who, in continuously looking back over her shoulder to the distorted stereotypes of the past, misses the substance, realities, and eternal values of the past. There may be no merit in these scripts, but the tough fact is that this type of program is the majority type offered by radio to millions of listeners.

In the evenings the unfair and biased presentation is, if anything, intensified. Here are instances of programs in which the stereotypes of the Negro people are presented: "Rochester" in the Jack Benny program, the maid in "Crime Doctor," the maid in "The Great Gildersleeve," the maid in the Judy Canova program, and the "Amos and Andy" troupe.

These are some of the sketches that sicken one, body and soul. Whatever the intentions of the producers, the deadly results are the same: the nailing down in the minds of millions of listeners derogatory and false judgments of fellow-citizens. Many people have been so conditioned by these anti-racial stereotypes that they placidly accept them and can see nothing wrong in such disguised fostering of race hatred. But wouldn't it be tragic if almost every radio program presented Jeeter Lester and the other people of "Tobacco Road" as the universal type of the white race? Occasionally there would be a "one-shot" of another type, but the universal pattern of the white race, the constant stereotype would be presentations of Jeeter and his kind. Wouldn't it be diabolical if other nations portrayed white America only as Jeeters; if the policy, either masked or blatant, would be to keep white Americans menials and in inferior places? Such was the Nazi pattern. It can never be America's pattern for any human beings.

WILLIAM H. TYMOUS
Secretary, Washington Veterans' Congress.
Washington, D. C.



"The only solution I can suggest is that you gentlemen share the bridal suite."

Reissue of STC

SIR: "The Short-Title Catalogue of Books Printed in England, Scotland, & Ireland, and of English Books Printed Abroad, 1475-1640," compiled by A. W. Pollard and G. R. Redgrave, and published by the Bibliographical Society of London in 1926, is now out of print and its price has risen sharply in the market. Consequently the council of the society has made arrangements with the Oxford Press to reproduce the book by offset. It will be published, in a slightly smaller format, in the regular binding of the society, at a price of two guineas ($8.50) both to members and to non-members. The publication date is now set by the Oxford Press for June, and orders, accompanied by a check, may be sent directly to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. C. Francis, c/o The British Museum, London, W.C.1.

The council also hopes shortly to issue the chronological arrangement of the STC which will be entitled "Annals of English Printing, 1475-1640," now at the Press. In addition, the council is determined to bend every effort to produce a revised edition of the STC. This will be a considerable undertaking and no date has been set for its publication, although it is believed that it will take five or ten years before it is completed.

WILLIAM A. JACKSON
Honorary Secretary for America
Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

In response to an overwhelming demand, reprints of Lewis Mumford's "Gentlemen: You Are Mad!", which appeared in THE SATURDAY REVIEW *of Literature for March 2, have been made available and will be supplied to individuals or to groups, such as schools, churches, or clubs, on request. Please address, stating quantity desired, Reprint Department,* THE SATURDAY REVIEW *of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.*

When To Cut Fudge

SIRS: From a youth spent over a chafing dish — remember them? — comes a message to William S. Lynch, who so capably reviewed "While You Were Gone" in the March 16th issue. The premise in his next to last sentence is incorrect—all fudge should be cut *before* it hardens.

MARGARET Y. POTTER.
Georgetown, Maryland.

Stop That!—Fullstop

SIR: And *I* am sick of current wise guys, myriad,
Who spew some pearl of wisdom, and cry "PERIOD!"
And then a smug exterior maintain
When all they have is saw-dust on the brain!

EMOLYN G. COHN.
Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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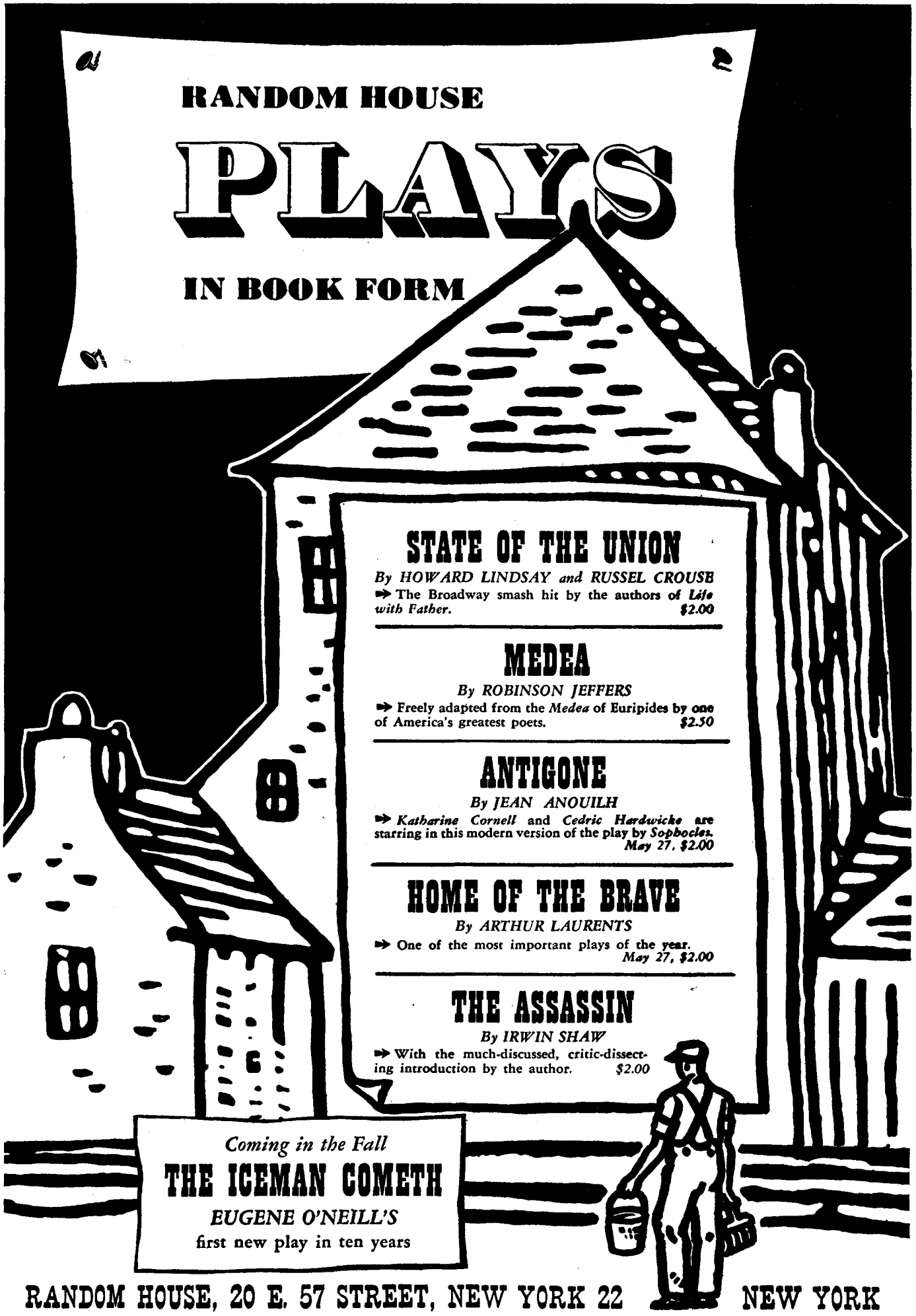
RANDOM HOUSE

PLAYS

IN BOOK FORM



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By JEAN ANOUILH

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THE ICEMAN COMETH

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first new play in ten years

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TRADE Winds

TITLES AND IMPRINTS

POCKET BOOKS has suddenly abandoned a national advertising campaign after about half of a very substantial appropriation had been spent. The reason was not that the copy failed to sell more Pocket Books, but that tests proved conclusively it was stepping up the sale of *all* quarter books just as effectively. This was just one more proof that the general public simply is not interested in *who* publishes a book, but buys because of the title, the author, or, in rare cases, the format. The fact that a twenty-five-cent book has a kangaroo, or a bantam, or a pelican, or a hippopotamus on the jacket means absolutely nothing to the reader. The quarter book market is settling down to normal; the lines with the best titles and the best distribution will survive; the others will disappear.

Sponsors of higher priced books have had their troubles too in persuading the public to take note of the imprint on a title page. Some publishers have spent a fortune to make their colophon stand for something distinctive in the minds of readers, but they have gotten little more than a horse-laugh from the majority, who are quite content to let each individual book on their lists stand or fall on its own merits.

Alfred Knopf has probably gone to the greatest length to make his "Borzoi" label something customers will look for when they enter a bookshop. He ran a full-page ad in *The New York Times* once which simply carried the photograph of a society leader with a book under her arm and a caption reading, "Mrs. Jerome So-and-so Reads Borzoi Books." Whether or not this ad paid out nobody knows, but it is considered significant that it never was repeated.

The argument about publishers' imprints came up one evening at a party of literary folk in the year when "The Good Earth" was the number one fiction best-seller in the country. There were twenty-two people in the group and I offered to bet Eugene Reynal, of Reynal and Hitchcock, even money that the majority would not know who had published "The Good Earth." Gene, mindful of the fact that this was a publisher's home, where the guests might be expected to be far above average in knowledge of book-trade gossip, accepted the wager with alacrity. When we put the question, it developed that not a single person in the house knew the correct answer!

Do the readers of Trade Winds make it their business to know who publishes the new books they read? How about a simple test? Consult the box below!

I will be interested in the results. So will a lot of other publishers. Their future advertising policies may be affected by the statistics you send in. . . .

MOTION-PICTURE producers run into the same problem as publishers in trying to make their names stand for something special in the minds of the public. Reams of publicity, and endless lists of credits in the pictures themselves, have made little impression on the average film fan. To prove my point, I repeat the story I told in "Try and Stop Me" of the time we published Alva Johnson's "The Great Goldwyn." Surely Mr. Goldwyn has been publicized as much as or more than any film magnate in the business, and in New York and Hollywood at least the countless stories about him are so familiar that people have been thrown out of parties for trying to repeat them. Our salesmen, however, ran into a sea of blank faces throughout the Middle West and South. "Exactly who," asked veteran booksellers, "was the great Goldwyn?" When we reported this to Mr. G., he thought we were kidding him. The simple fact, however, is that the public is interested solely in what's *in* a book or picture, not who put it there! . . .

REVERTING TO the subject of twenty-five-cent book publishers, it is questionable how long general advertising can be included in their budget under the best of circumstances. Increasing costs all along the line, production and distribution difficulties, and feverish competition already have cut their net profit to something like one cent a copy (before taxes). Rex Stout has circulated figures which indicate that the publisher nets between five and six times that amount, and has threatened to form an authors' coöperative to prove it. I think it safe to say that every publisher in America would like to see him try. A good name for the adventure would be "The Awakening."

I like and admire Rex Stout as a man, and rate him among the top as a detective story writer, but I think

*[**Here is a list of current best-sellers. I am putting you on your honor not to peek when you fill in the name of the publisher in the space alongside each title. With a view toward getting a representative** SRL **tabulation, I hope you will clip and send the filled-in box to Trade Winds, SRL, 25 West 45 St., New York City 19. Many thanks.—B. C.**]*

LIST OF BEST-SELLERS

Fiction	Publisher
Arch of Triumph—Erich Remarque	
The Black Rose—Thomas B. Costain	
David the King—Gladys Schmitt	
Brideshead Revisited—Evelyn Waugh	
The Foxes of Harrow—Frank Yerby	
The King's General—Daphne du Maurier	
The River Road—Frances Parkinson Keyes	
Forever Amber—Kathleen Winsor	
The Turquoise—Anya Seton	
Wasteland—Jo Sinclair	
Non-Fiction	
The Egg and I—Betty MacDonald	
The Anatomy of Peace—Emery Reves	
The Autobiography of William Allen White	
Burma Surgeon Returns—Gordon Seagrave	
The Ciano Diaries—Edited by Hugh Gibson	
Farmer Takes a Wife—John Gould	
One World or None—Compilation	
Pleasant Valley—Louis Bromfield	
The Practical Cogitator—Charles P. Curtis, Jr., and Ferris Greenslet	
Starling of the White House—As told to Thomas Sugrue	

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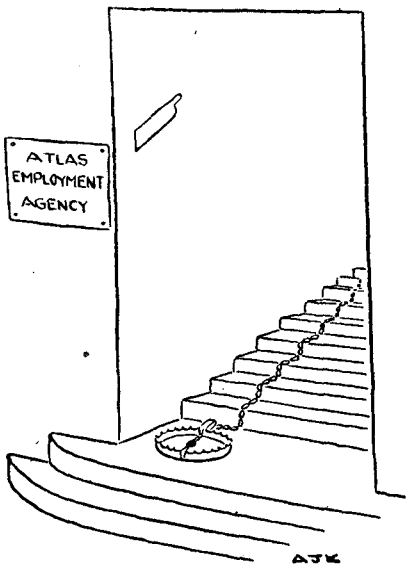
he is the wrong person to spearhead the Authors' League drive for higher royalties on twenty-five-cent reprints. When he is excited he says things he cannot prove, and he is constitutionally unable to listen to arguments of an opponent. If the reprint publishers made even a respectable percentage of the profit Mr. Stout claims for them, original publishers would have demanded a higher royalty rate long ago. They split those royalties fifty-fifty with the authors. Furthermore, the reprint publishers would raise the rates themselves if the profit margin permitted; they realize they are in the limelight, and are most anxious to appear as generous as possible. Isn't it significant that not one of the new reprint houses, all struggling for a place in the sun, has dared raise its royalty rate—and that not one original publisher has backed Mr. Stout's crusade? I hope Mr. Stout isn't going to answer that it's because publishers always stick together. The only thing I ever saw publishers agree on unanimously was a motion to increase their paper allotment.

The standard royalty rate on quarter books today is one cent a copy up to 150,000 and a cent and a half thereafter. If a first printing is 200,000 copies (just about the current average) the author's half amounts to $1,125. That's exactly what the writer of a run-of-the-mill murder yarn makes on a sale of 5,000 copies in the original two-dollar edition. It's about five times what some of the current quarter whodunits are worth.

The Authors' League and the Mystery Writers of America (whose motto is "Crime doesn't pay—enough") could spend their time more profitably plumping for higher standards and the elimination of trash. The laws of free competition will take care of any upward revisions in the royalty rates.

GOSSIPS IN Publisher's Row would have you believe that Marshall Field is trying to add another reprint firm to his holdings. . . . That although "The Hucksters" caricatures a fictitious "soap king," the employees of a certain very real tobacco tycoon are offering ten dollars apiece for advance copies. . . . That Rinehart has another top-thriller coming up in "Nightmare Alley." . . . That the Dial Press and Crown spring lists have put them in the big leagues for keeps. . . . That the author of "The Egg and I" is burning because *The New Yorker* book reviewer has never even mentioned it. . . . That Random House will name its new home The Palazzo Thickens. . . .



IN A TRIM, inviting bungalow just outside Manhattan there lived a rising young novelist and his wife, presided over by a Scandinavian servant whom everyone described as a gem and who reminded the men at least of Ingrid Bergman. It was this paragon who disrupted the peace of the menage by approaching her mistress in tears and announcing, "I must leave on the first of the month."

"But why?" demanded the shocked housewife. "I thought you were perfectly happy here." It wasn't that, sobbed the maid; she had met a handsome soldier a few months before, and now—and now—. "Don't do anything," the wife said as soon as she comprehended. "Let me consult my husband." She was back from his study in a trice. "We have decided, Hilda, that you must stay," she announced. "My husband says the patter of a child's feet will help his writing. We will adopt your baby."

In due course, a son appeared upon the scene, the author adopted him legally, and all was serene for another year, when the maid again announced she was leaving. This time she had met a sailor . . . The novelist and his wife went into another huddle, and the maid was told, "It is unfair to bring up a child alone. We will adopt your second baby, to make sure he has company."

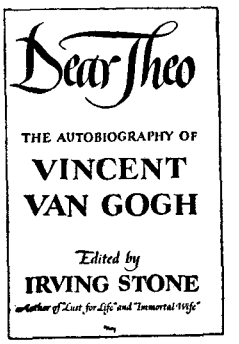
The second baby was a darling little girl, and the bungalow resounded with happy songs and laughter, with the novelist clicking merrily on his typewriter keys.

Then the blow fell. The maid resigned again. "Don't tell me," gasped the wife, "that this time you met a marine."

"It's not that at all, ma'am," said the servant with dignity. "I'm resigning because I simply cannot work for such a big family."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



DEAR THEO, madam, if you will stop trying to touch up your lipstick in a careening taxi, **Dear Theo** is not just another book. If you were to stuff it into a bookcase between a stiff, competent biography and a fat, illustrated biography, it would probably squirm out and drop onto your favorite chair. Madam, **Dear Theo** edited by IRVING STONE, is a collection of some 600 letters written by *Vincent Van Gogh* to his brother, *Theo.* It's the kind of book you like to have near you, whether you are basking on the lawn, toasting before the fire, travelling across the long prairies, or watching the fjords go by. Madam, you're not listening.

I appeal to the reader of this column and the next one (they are both going to talk about **Dear Theo.**) I assure you I have no axe to grind, for I read **Dear Theo** years ago when it was published by another house. I read it for an assignment in a college art course, and it remains one of the few things I remembered in that liberal educational system which teaches you to cram for one exam and then to forget in order to make room for the next cramming.

In reality, IRVING STONE held the patient's hand. It was *Vincent Van Gogh* who underwent the operation on his own life. He lost an ear and his own sanity, but through IRVING STONE'S patience, it is the reader who survives the operation, the reader who comes out healthier and wiser. It might be said that this lonely, affectionate man died to make men feel. And what an important thing it is that this book should come out in reprint now when men have ceased to feel because they cannot understand.

In the understanding which constitutes wisdom, there must be just portions of feeling, thinking, and imagination. But the efficient machine will not tolerate imagination. Stick your finger in it, and you lose your finger. Through his tender letters to his brother, *Van Gogh* brings to a world which claims to serve through science, service through understanding. Please read next week's column for a more specific reference to this great book.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

THE BLUES INDEED!

THIS is playing with fire. I know it, and apologize. I had not meant to do so. Mine are not ordinarily the fingers of a pyromaniac. Still I cannot help it. I have no other choice.

The idea of racial groups protesting humorlessly against plays which they deem unflattering to themselves has never appealed to me. It is an idea full of danger. It is no friend of truth, or art, or of democracy.

I remain astounded even now whenever I recall how the Irish in this country came to the opening of "The Playboy of the Western World" armed, loyally enough, with potatoes to protect the verdant name of Ireland from insult. In the days before the war I used to laugh when the Japanese would seek from time to time to have "The Mikado" banned as being unfriendly to the Land-of-the-then-Rising-Sun. Or when Jewish groups, here and there, would endeavor to have "The Merchant of Venice" excluded from classrooms or the stage.

I am still astonished by the Negroes who, finding insult instead of sweetness and delight in "Little Black Sambo," have sought to make its reading unlawful for school children.

I could not believe my eyes last fall when I read that, due to protests of the CIO Negro group, the Pastors' Association, and the Communist party, a new musical comedy version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was temporarily banned in Bridgeport. Why? Because, of all absurd, ungrateful, and unthoughtful reasons, it was claimed that the play "refreshed memories that tend to portray only the weaknesses of a racial minority, and hold up to ridicule people who in the early days of our country were unfortunately subjected to exposures that today would be considered atrocious."

I worried then about the American sense of humor, not to forget the Negro's sense of his own emerging history. I thought things had come to an unpretty pass. I tried to argue against the ban in these columns by pointing out that history cannot be changed by passing resolutions; that there is something at once sinister and silly in trying to deny what has been; that Mrs. Stowe deserved the Negroes' thanks, not abuse; and that the point of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," no less than the truth of slavery itself, is that it is the slave-owner rather than the slave who had reason to be ashamed.

But when I saw "St. Louis Woman"* the other night, I found myself worrying about my own misplaced sense of humor. Instead of laughing and applauding along with nearly everyone else in the theatre, I discovered I was sitting granite-faced and unamused. I liked the music,

Vandamm Studio.
"St. Louis Woman" is "old stuff, humanely no less than theatrically."

liked the costumes and settings, admired many of the performers, and realized the skill of Rouben Mamoulian's direction. Even so I resented what I was seeing, and resented it in the Negro's behalf.

Let me make myself clear. I had no desire to call for the Black Maria; invite censorship; or ask that the theatre be closed. I had not reached that point, and trust I never shall. Yet, in spite of its passable features, I regretted this new Negro musical. I regretted and, as I say, resented it.

It seemed to me that it relies on every formula not only of the Negro-show as it has always been but on every stale idea the white man has tried to keep fresh in his thinking about the Negro. Its characters are mainly slaphappy creatures, eager only to erupt into jazz, to cakewalk, drink, kill, chant spirituals, or play the horses. Whether churchgoers or barflies, they are a frenzied lot. They sponge on whatever Negro jockey happens to have won that day. They are grown-up children, boastful, superstitious, irresponsible.

They throw money away, love heavily, and work lightly. Both the men and women go in for pathetic overdressing. They wear tropical colors, sport diamonds, and, at least if they are among the principals, are apt to tote guns. Only their bandannas are missing.

Mercifully they do not believe in ghosts, and are not shown trembling in any graveyard scene. Mercifully, too, they carry no razors, and are not asked to pick cotton, eat watermelons, or wave to the *Robert E. Lee* from the levee as she steams round the bend. But their eyes and hips are forever on the roll.

In short, they are shown as a people of grace and passion, but without thought, dignity, or conscience. They are not even aware of the problems or humiliations which face, and have faced, them as a race. The sadness underlying "Porgy and Bess" demands no utterance. As they strut and caper, swagger and shout, grin and shoot, you would never guess any kinship existed between them and Richard Wright and Ann Petry.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not objecting to the fact that "St. Louis Woman" is melodramatic in its plot or gay in its trappings. I am objecting merely because its material is so stereotyped, empty, uninformed. It is a "musical play" which reveals nothing, and ignores everything. Although I realize it was not meant to be taken seriously, I believe the people with whom it deals deserve to be treated with greater respect than it shows them. Were I a foreigner, and were it the first Negro musical I had ever seen, I might have surrendered happily to what is buoyant in its spirit and skilful in its execution. But having seen an uncountable number of such sepia offerings, I could not help feeling that in "St. Louis Woman" I was seeing each one of these over again.

The Nicholas Brothers are, and always have been, excellent dancers. As Little Augie, the jockey who, without benefit of clergy of course, wins, loses, and then regains the companionship of Della, Harold Nicholas is all over the place with a small man's energy. Ruby Hill is as attractive as the text demands that Della should be, which is very attractive indeed. And Pearl Bailey, a sprightly singer and comedienne, is amusing both to watch and hear.

* *ST. LOUIS WOMAN, a new musical play in three acts. Presented by Edward Gross. Music by Harold Arlen. Lyrics by Johnny Mercer. Book by Arna Bontemps and Countee Cullen. Settings and Costumes by Lemuel Ayers. Dances by Charles Walters. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With a cast including the Nicholas Brothers, Pearl Bailey, Rex Ingram, Ruby Hill, June Hawkins, and Juanita Hall. At the Martin Beck Theatre.*

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A New Comedy by GARSON KANIN
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EVES 8:40 • MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:40

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Musical wow of the season." Walter Winchell
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VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
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EDDIE FOY, JR.
Jack Whiting, Odette Myrtil, Dorothy Stone
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"DREAM GIRL is a dream of a play and Betty Field a dream of a girl"
—CHAPMAN, Daily News
BETTY FIELD
in ELMER RICE'S New Comedy
Dream Girl
with WENDELL COREY • EVELYN VARDEN
CORONET, W. 49. Eves. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:35

THEATRE INCORPORATED presents
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE • RAYMOND MASSEY
in BERNARD SHAW'S Comedy
Pygmalion
Melville COOPER • Cecil HUMPHREYS
Staged by CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BARRYMORE THEATRE, W. 47 ST. LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

The cakewalk contest is a joy to behold. Lemuel Ayers's setting and costumes are, as I have said, excellent. And Mr. Mamoulian's direction, except when he seems on the verge of repeating his "saucer burial" scene from "Porgy," has its picturesque moments. The music, too, especially in such songs as "Legalize My Name" and "Come Rain or Come Shine," is commendable.

Yet I must admit I found most of "St. Louis Woman" such old stuff, humanly no less than theatrically, that it filled me with more resentment than pleasure. No doubt Arna Bontemps's and the late Countee Cullen's excuse for turning out such a book about their people was that it was laid in the St. Louis of 1898. But this really should not have mattered, at least to this extent. What should have mattered is that "St. Louis Woman" was written and produced in 1946. Although this ought to have made all the difference in the world, and could have resulted in a very different show, it appears to have made no difference at all.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Piracy, Passion, Etc.

WAKE OF THE RED WITCH. By Garland Roark. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 434 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

AT A FAIRLY close estimate this volume contains 190,960 words, 190,000 of them superfluous and the remainder obviously aimed at Hollywood, with Dorothy Lamour in a sarong and Spencer Tracy in a yachtsman's cap and shirt opened at the neck. It is all about piracy, passion, and treasure hunts at the rim of the Dutch East Indies; contains a beautiful half-caste with a taste for nude bathing under the tropical moonlight, a pink octopus that grabs people who come to look for bar gold on a sunken treasure ship, at least one fistfight per chapter, and a remarkable accumulation of villains. Indeed somebody seems to have told the author that villains in adventure stories are more interesting than heroes, so he has made nearly all his characters villains—but they all have hearts of gold.

There is also a schooner whose jibs belly but staysail flaps when the wind drives her; Dutch gin that comes out of glass bottles; and an Italo-American who pronounces "sir" as "sor."

This sort of thing seems to have corrupted even Lynd Ward, who used to be a good artist once. His jacket is in the worst tradition of pulp art.

"Enchanting—Brilliant!"
—Watts, Sat. Rev. of Lit.
KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
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Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
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ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
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A New Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
EMPIRE THEA., 40th & Bway. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

ARTHUR HOPKINS Presents
"MAGNIFICENT" —BARNES, H. TRIBUNE
THE Magnificent Yankee
(JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES)
A New Play by EMMET LAVERY
LOUIS CALHERN DOROTHY GISH
ROYALE THEATRE W. 45th St. • Evs. 8:30 MATS. WED. & SAT.

LELAND HAYWARD presents
Ralph BELLAMY • Ruth HUSSEY
STATE OF THE UNION
A New Comedy
by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
with MYRON McCORMICK, MINOR WATSON, MARGALO GILLMORE
HUDSON Theater, 44th Street, East of B'way.

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, E. BISHOP
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LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
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Comedy Drama by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS 2nd
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS year
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KATHARINE CORNELL
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ANTIGONE
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CANDIDA
with
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
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CORT Thea., W. 48 St. Evgs. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:50

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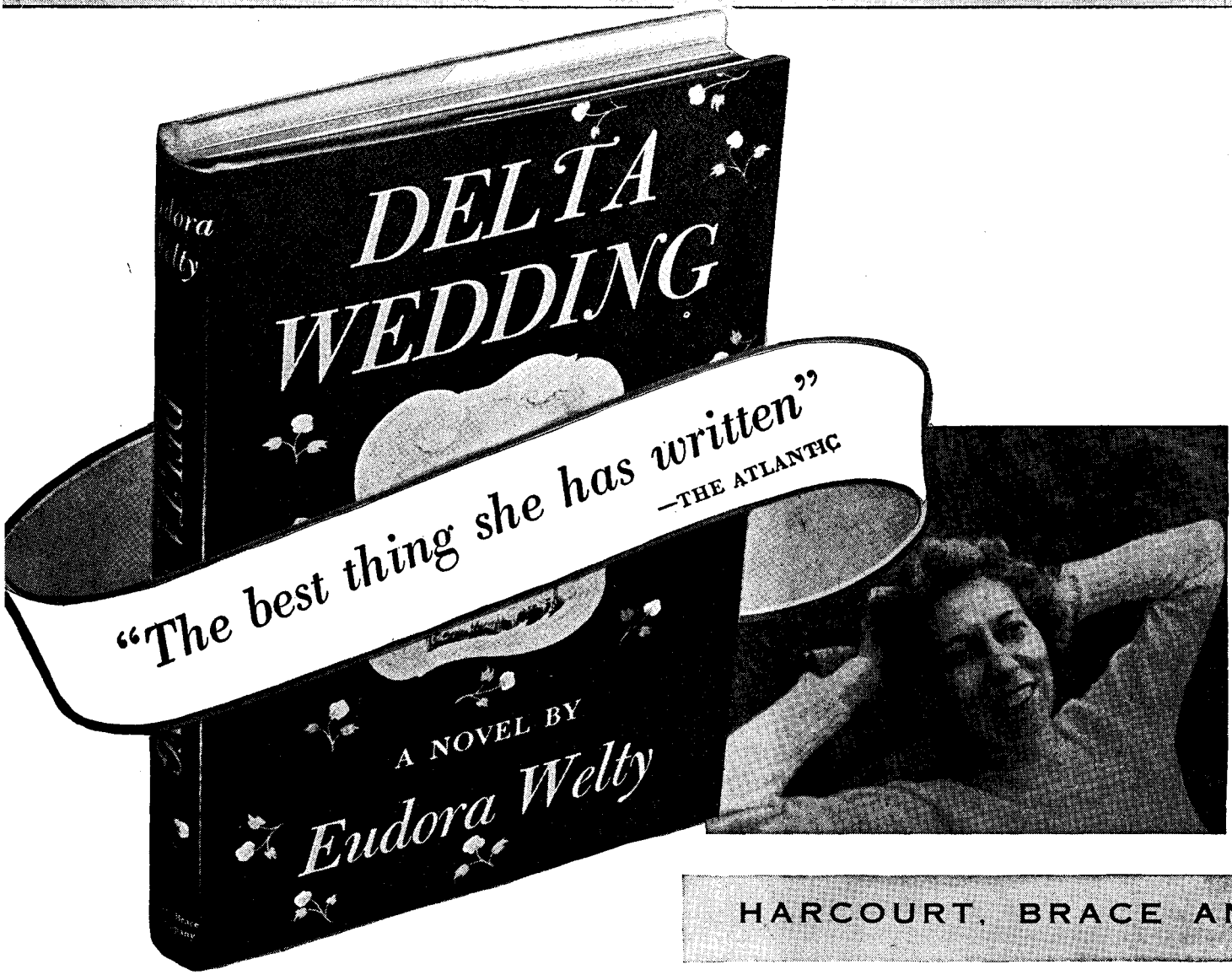

HARCOURT, BRACE AND

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "Eudora Welty's full-length novel, DELTA WEDDING, has all the excellencies of her short stories with all the advantages of a wider pattern. It gives her a chance to tell us more about her people and their ways of life; it gives us the pleasure of seeing a full drama . . . The complexities of individual lives are never blurred in the cheery bedlam of life among the Fairchilds at Shellmound . . . In the end everything has been illuminated and you know the Fairchilds' world inside and out. Miss Welty does not tell you, she takes you and shows you; she does not lecture you, she lets her characters do all the talking, all the doing . . . The interplay of family life, with a dozen different people saying and doing a dozen different things all at the same time, is wonderfully handled."—*Charles Poore.* Readers everywhere will find it a fascinating and absorbing novel. *$2.75*

DELTA WEDDING

A novel by Eudora Welty

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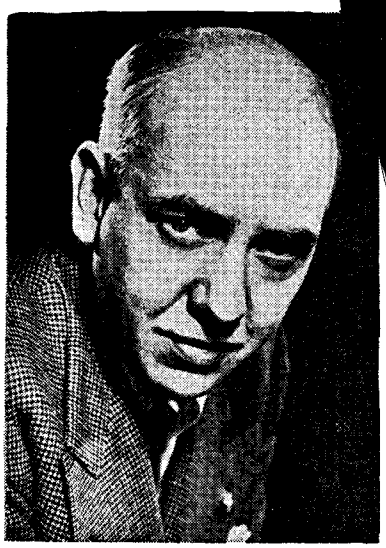

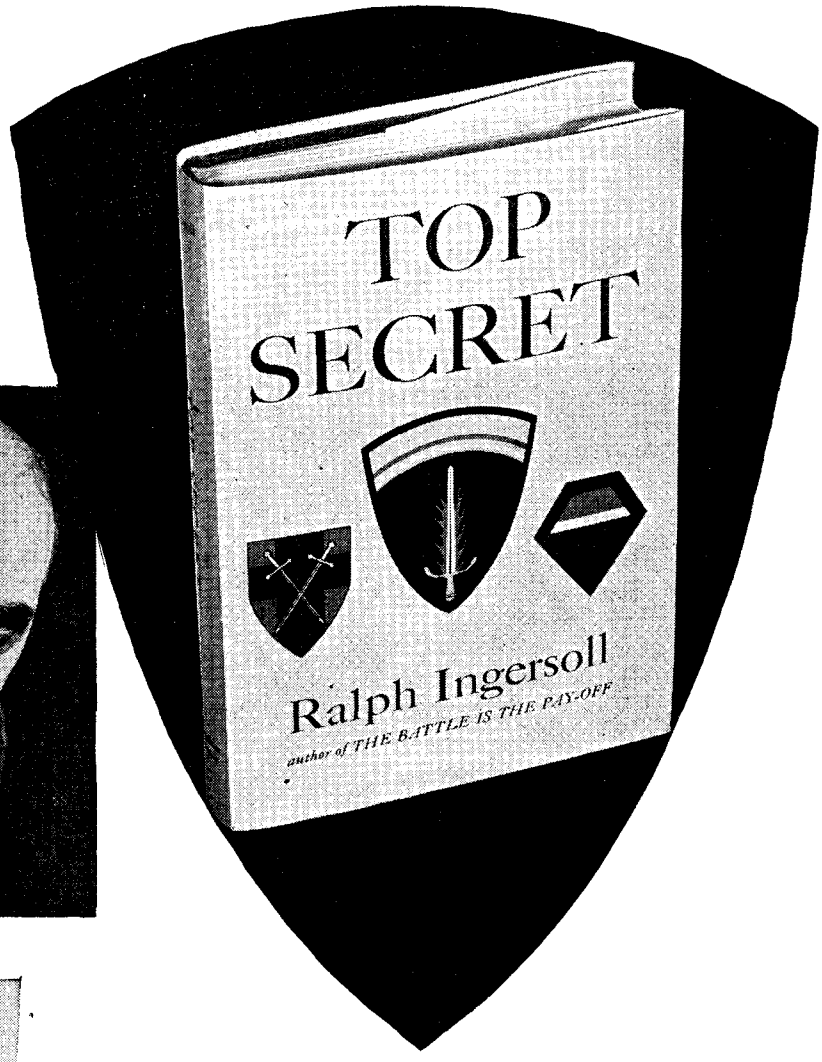

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—Barnes, Herald Tribune

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Gladys Cooper—Dean Stockwell
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The Barber of Sevillinois

I HEARD THEM SING. By Ferdinand Reyher. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 226 pp. $2.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

BARBER stories are few to find since the ancient profession descended from the functions which made one of its adepts the factotum of Seville, and since a Roman barber was honored with a tomb more magnificent than Cato's. Mr. Reyher has made up for this neglect very generously and it is by no accident that the hero, Ben Halper, whose smooth touch was famous from the corn-crowded plains of Illinois in Chicago, is the factotum of the town of "Sevillinois."

Sevillinois wasn't much when Ben brought his new bride to his spick-and-span new shop. George Oliphant, of the crowd who poured in on the opening morning, was first to seize on the *Police Gazette* and Abraham Sprague said, "Glory be, the municipality has a library!"

Ben had a sense of himself as the social catalyst for male Sevillinois, but Milly saw nothing in the place but a muddy village on a muddy plain without realizing that the black mud would almost immediately be the source of rich crops and rich cities. The time was the late '90's, when hard times in the East, immigration, and a variety of factors changed the agricultural adventure in the Midwest into a tremendous, studied and organized industry.

Milly did not stay to see the streets of Sevillinois paved; she ran off with one of Ben's best friends and left him the custody of their son, Benny. The woman and her lover were promptly killed by a train, but Milly was hard dying in Ben's memory.

Wars came and went; young Benny fought in France while his father was engaged in a conflict quite as significant in Illinois. Women were trying to get into his barber shop. The first insistent female he repulsed by merely waggling the clippers and saying that since he was unfamiliar with the contours of the female skull he was taking no chances.

But the handwriting was on the wall, and before little Eadie, his granddaughter, went off to win medals as a nurse in France, she had bought the shop, the forum of the early town, and converted it into a beauty parlor.

A pleasant, warm book, somewhat in the metier of Barry Benefield and Lester Cohen.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

This week's quiz, contributed by Helen Pettigrew, of Charleston, Arkansas, consists of twenty questions asked in various poems, each of which has an answer. Allowing 5 points for each answer you can quote, a score of 50 is par, 60 is very good, and 70 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 40.

1. If I can rid your town of rats, will you give me a thousand guilders?
2. God save thee, ancient mariner! from the fiends that plague thee thus! Why look'st thou so?
3. Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
4. "Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried. "Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
5. Say why bareheaded you are come, or why you come at all?
6. Will you walk into my parlor?
7. What writest thou?
8. Where are you going and what do you wish?
9. What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep as it fitfully blows half conceals, half discloses?
10. Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling your ring?
11. O father! I hear the sound of guns, oh say, what may it be?
12. Could we have some butter for the Royal slice of bread?
13. Where did you come from, baby dear?
14. Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!
15. Now who will stand on either hand and keep the bridge with me?
16. What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say, if we sight naught but seas at dawn?
17. Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?
18. But what good came of it at last?
19. Who ran to help me when I fell, and would some pretty story tell, or kiss the place to make it well?
20. Sisters and brothers, little Maid, how many may you be?

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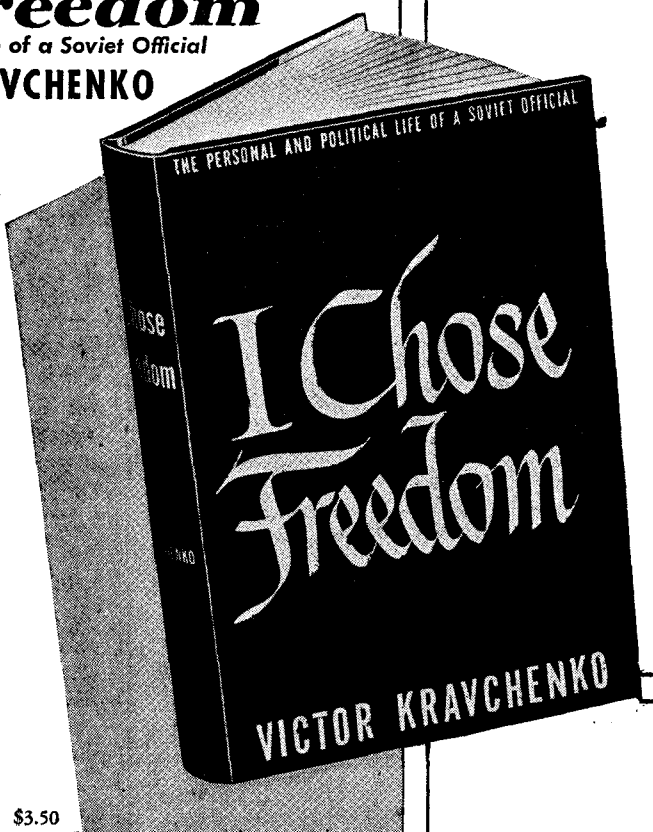
1846 A Century of Publishing 1946

I Chose Freedom

The Personal and Political Life of a Soviet Official

by VICTOR KRAVCHENKO



VICTOR KRAVCHENKO walked out of his job in Washington as an official of the Soviet Purchasing Commission in the U.S.A. and severed his connection with the Communist Party. That was in the Spring of 1944, and his action was front-page news at the time.

Now he tells what lay behind his act, and why he broke with his past. The severance was not an accident. It was the culmination of a process, and in describing the process Mr. Kravchenko rehearses his whole life, and life in Russia as it touched him.

The actors in his intensely dramatic and factual narrative, "are not classes, but persons, not heroes and villains, but just human beings caught and tangled in the skein of a great nation's cruel destiny."

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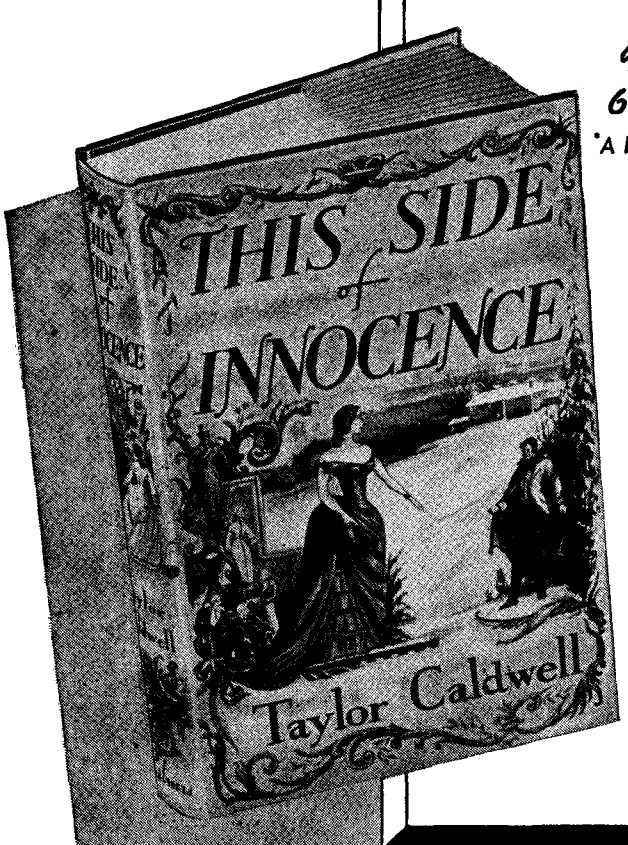

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Utopia in the Factory

LINCOLN'S INCENTIVE SYSTEM. By James F. Lincoln. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 1946. viii + 192 pp. $2.

Reviewed by PAUL ANDERSON

SINCE industry has played the dominant role in helping us get and keep our high standard of living, the aims of management should be of the widest interest. Industry made magnificent efforts in the war for freedom. As consumers, we want to know what it is going to do in the atomic peace. Can it continue in the face of higher taxes and government meddling to raise our living standards? Why may it not also encourage the freedom of the individual and bring out his latent abilities? Who creates the job?

James Finney Lincoln, as president and general manager of the company which for many years has paid the highest annual wages in the world, gives challenging answers. "Lincoln's Incentive System" is not, therefore, a mere statement of how to pay for more work. Rather it is a philosophy of incentive management. It contains enough of theory also to show how management and men can work together as a team for, by, and of the consumers. It portrays the steps necessary to reach unbelievable levels of productivity without speeding up, while giving "the customers more and more of a better and better product for less and less money." Mr. Lincoln writes:

> Incentive management, as outlined in this book, goes far beyond these conceptions of incentive pay. Incentive management is a philosophy of industry and life, which starts with the needs of society and depends primarily for its success on the development, in the individual of his latent abilities. It is not only a method of wage payment; it is an economic system.

Basic to incentive management is also the freedom of the individual. It occurs when he becomes free, when he takes a hand in creating for himself the conditions which help him develop his latent abilities. There is nothing mystical about it. It is well-known that the success of incentive management depends upon the worker's understanding that "feather-bedding" and restricted output lower his self-respect. He cannot learn this if management is unable to lead, if management does not gain the trust of all the workers as a team.

In submitting his philosophy of incentive management, Lincoln is careful, however, to point out that the manufacturing steps in his company are no more complicated than those in most other plants. Lincoln Electric does not have any secret processes, any special patents. It is comparable to tens of thousands of other plants. The results, therefore, may be obtained in any other plant by the same means. The plant wishing to begin incentive management starts from a new relation and moves in a different direction. Management, in a word, no longer is boss, but leader of a team. That team works for the consumers—the unremembered influence in any plant.

James F. Lincoln: "Incentive management is not only a method of wage payment; it is an economic system."

Utopian? During thirty-two years as head of Lincoln Electric, Mr. Lincoln has never had a work stoppage or lost an hour because of individual grievances. Neither has he had those protracted, often bitter, disputes about so-called prerogatives which beset many union plants and are simply tests of power.

In business more than half a century, the Lincoln Electric Company makes arc-welders which fuse metals at the six thousand degree heat of an electric arc, and makes arc-welding electrodes which are used in the fusing. Competing with such giants as General Electric, Westinghouse, and Air Reduction, the Lincoln Company has been able to obtain from one-third to about one-half of the total business in this country and a large proportion abroad. Its welders are extensively used in ship construction and repair.

Incentive management at Lincoln has reduced the hours of direct labor on the two hundred ampere arc-welder eighty per cent since 1921. Less physical effort is required today to make the machine. Again, from 1929 to 1944, man-hours of direct labor on the 3/16″ No. 5 electrode were reduced 96 per cent. This product accounts for half the total output of the company. While the ratio of selling price to cost on the two hundred ampere welder has remained constant, despite rising hourly labor and material costs, Lincoln has reduced its price from the 1921 level about 86 per cent. Electrodes, too, have dropped, falling 66 2/3 per cent between 1931 and 1944.

A comparison of the productivity curves of Lincoln workers with those of a rival manufacturer tells a dazzling story. Because the selling prices of the rival moved upward slightly since 1932, and Lincoln's have steadily declined, the 1932 prices in the comparison are held constant. At that time, the Lincoln worker's productivity was about $4100; his rival's about $3900. By 1944, the rival had attained $8100. Lincoln's worker reached $57,334.

Incentive management's wage and dividend record are impressive. Between 1929 and 1944, the average annual earnings of Lincoln workers rose from $2100 to $5800. They are about $5000 now. Dividends rose from about $2 per share in 1922 to $80 for the same share in 1941 and $60 in 1944. The stock was split on a ten to one basis, the original share is now ten shares; therefore the single share in 1944 got $6. Incidentally the stockholders are people who work or have worked in the plant.

What else has incentive management done? It may be said that it has pioneered every one of the major social reforms and antedated many of them by years. In 1914, when James Lincoln became the head of the company, he believed that if the workers were as much interested in its development as he himself, together they would make a championship team. Every other Monday since that time, he has met with the democratically elected representatives of each department of his plant, and they have worked out its policies not in antagonism but in mutual respect and harmony. Many reforms began as recommendations by this board.

Briefly the board's policies in the broader sense are given below. What cannot be shown is that the day to day relations of the plant are durably stamped with this board's vital and deep concern. The board's policies declare that the job of the plant is to make a better and better product to be sold at a lower and lower price; piecework is the only fair way to reward a worker; a very large part of

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How long can democratic England hold out against the world tides of rival ideologies?

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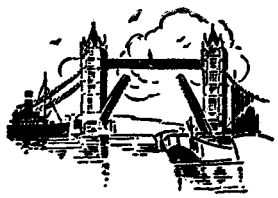

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all savings effected in the methods of manufacturing goes to the consumers.

It was at a meeting of the board late in 1933 that one of the workers suggested an annual bonus for making additional effort. By the end of 1934, while most industries under N.R.A. rules were raising prices to increase wages, Lincoln was able to lower prices and to raise worker's wages by about $740. From that time the workers in the plant, realizing that their earnings depended on their own efforts, have earned more and more. They know that politicians do not make jobs. They understand that increased taxes not only raise prices, they also destroy jobs. Only incentive management makes jobs, for the workers have increased from 404 to just below a thousand. Today these workers are both the freest and wealthiest in the world. Thus incentive management, as James F. Lincoln has shown, frees the worker, rouses him to make efforts which defy experts, and gives him pride and security. American industry, go and do likewise, say we, the consumers. This is "the inheritance of freedom" in industry.

Detroit Minus the U.A.W.

DETROIT IS MY HOME TOWN. By Malcolm W. Bingay. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1946. 360 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by EARL BROWN

THERE is no particular reason for "Detroit Is My Home Town," with the possible exception that the local chamber of commerce might approve of it. It may also appeal to the wealthy and society groups of the city, if for no other reason than that it will afford them an opportunity to rehash the usual run of chit-chat that eventually becomes almost folklore about any town's first citizens. "Detroit Is My Home Town" is this kind of book.

Mr. Bingay, who writes in a comfortable manner, rambles along extolling the auto makers and the other "name" Detroiters, relating numerous anecdotes about them (most of which are well known) with the zest and deportment of a fair raconteur in his favorite club. In this case it is the Detroit Athletic Club, which is the meeting place of the town's mighty and which also seems to be the author's ivory tower. One gets the impression from this book that everything in Detroit stems from the D.A.C.

The author is quite a spokesman for the auto workers, and he obviously believes strongly in the kind of rugged individualism Henry Ford has always shown. He writes about them as the salt of the earth, even including the late William Crapo Durant, a notorious stock market speculator in automobile securities and a former president of General Motors. The author seems to view the public damage caused by Durant's industrial promotions and gambling in securities as boyish pranks.

Mr. Bingay's column, "Good Morning," has appeared in the *Free Press* for a long number of years. During the Roosevelt administrations he often attacked the late President and the New Deal in it; and in his eulogy of Mr. Ford, which takes up a considerable part of the book, he is quite critical of them again.

It is difficult to conceive of any one writing a book about Detroit today without devoting at least one chapter to the U.A.W.—equally important as the "Big Three" auto companies as a power in the city—but that is exactly what Mr. Bingay has done. The U.A.W.-C.I.O. is the largest and the most colorful and dynamic union in the country. The wages of the auto workers have been doubled through its efforts. The only progressive organization in the city, it is probably more active politically than any other union.

The composition of the U.A.W. is a cross section of America. Almost every racial, religious, and national group on earth is represented in it. It is roisterous and rambunctious. It is constantly heaving and bubbling with internal dissension, splitting into every kind of political faction from Republican to Communist. The union has changed the economic status of more than a half million workers and their families, and it has taught them the value of political action. But the author has written nothing about all this.

He does, however, devote a chapter to the Negro question, which he entitles "That Race Riot." He blames the riot on the influx of colored and white workers to Detroit from the South, but says nothing about the Jim Crow housing policy of the city administration and the scandalous refusal of Mayor Edward J. Jeffries to raise a finger to head off the riot in 1943. Everybody in the town knew it was coming.

The next time you go to Detroit and walk up Woodward Avenue, you may be interested to know that Judge Elias Brevoort Woodward, who named the city's main thoroughfare after himself, collaborated with the British during the War of 1812; held court at three o'clock in the morning; was one of the three founders of the University of Michigan, and was finally chased out of town for being so mean and despicable. You may also be interested to know that Antoine Laumet de la Mothe Cadillac, after whom Detroit's main square and a luxurious automobile are named, probably was nothing more than an adventurer, a cad, a braggart, and a felon named Gascon who escaped from France, and arrived in Detroit via Nova Scotia, after having faked his nobility. The author's anecdotes about Woodward, Cadillac, and a few other ancient Detroiters are the best parts of the book.

"Twenty-seven years in the mystery book section have left their mark on old Hudgins."

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Cleanliness *and* Godliness

or

THE FURTHER METAMORPHOSIS

A Discussion of the Problems of Sanitation raised by Sir John Harington, together with Reflections upon Further Progress recorded since that Excellent Knight, by his Invention of the Metamorphosed

AJAX

Father of Conveniences

revolutionised the System of Sanitation in this country but raised at the same time fresh Problems for Posterity which are discussed in all their implications, with numerous digressions upon all aspects of Cleanliness by the author

REGINALD REYNOLDS

NIHIL OBSTAT

DOUBLEDAY AND COMPANY, INC.

Garden City 1946 New York

THIS IS THE TITLE PAGE of a book which John Cowper Powys hailed upon its publication in England as "in the best tradition of that most rare and precious of all mortal qualities—humane and indulgent humor."

It is an inclusive and scholarly, as well as witty and digressive, survey of man's progress in sanitation from earliest times to the present day . . . a chronicle which numbers among its principal characters not only Sir John Harington, inventor of the modern valve water-closet, but Lord Chesterfield, the Duke of Wellington, Florence Nightingale, Boswell, Dr. Johnson, and our own Benjamin Franklin and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Although the author deals with sanitary engineering in its entirety—the focus of his discourse is on the *necessarium*—the jakes, the chasm, the bocardo, the gong, the midden, the commode, the *chaise percée* in all its manifestations. He has researched the subject from the drains of Crete and Mohenjo-Daro (3500-2500 B.C.) to the most modern developments in sanitary engineering, and has uncovered little known achievements of the Hindus, Chinese, Greeks, and Romans; the sanitation (or lack of it) in cities, ancient and modern; the curious measures taken to combat plague in the Middle Ages; the outlandish taboos that have possessed the Unsanitary Ones of the Earth. CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS is the first general work of its kind that has appeared in three-hundred years.

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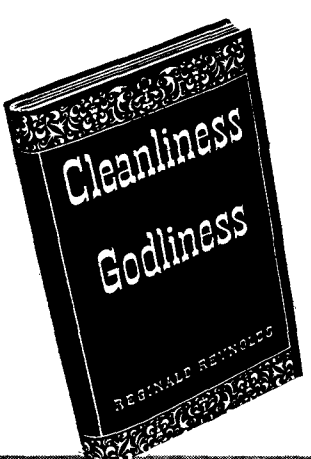

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Bone Fragment—Whose?

GERMANY IN DEFEAT. By Percy Knauth. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 233 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SIGRID SCHULTZ

TO UNDERSTAND what happened and is happening in Central Europe today, it is necessary for the conscientious student of world affairs to devote a good deal of thought to concentration camps, to the psychology and events that made them possible, and to the consesequences of Germany's concentration camp policies. He can find much vital information and enlightenment in "Germany in Defeat," the eye-witness report of Percy Knauth, who was war correspondent for *Time* and *Life* in Europe and the Near East, and who entered Buchenwald concentration camp in the days of its liberation before the American rescue teams had been able to remove some of the most harrowing proof of German cruelty by ministering to the needs of the victims of the Nazis.

There was so much to see, hear, and learn in newly liberated camps that those of us who entered Buchenwald, for instance, before any of its wounds could be healed realize that one person alone cannot tell the full story, and some day a symposium of the reports of American eye-witnesses should be published. But Percy Knauth's report on Buchenwald and its implications is the most thorough and illuminating I have seen in any book since I returned from duty overseas.

The eldest son of an American banker who represented his firm in Germany, Percy Knauth got some of his early schooling in Germany. He knows Germany well from pre-war to war days, since he remained in that country until 1944 and saw the Germans when they thought they would conquer the world. He held his first correspondent's job in Hitler days in the Berlin office of the *Chicago Tribune*, from which he switched to the *New York Times* and later joined the staff of *Time* and *Life*. Therefore he is able to write with a thorough knowledge of the German background and the difficulties facing us and the Germans in Germany today.

Last spring he was one of the first to report extensively on the tragic struggle of the genuine anti-Nazis for a hearing from American occupation forces and a chance to counteract the intrigues of wily Nazis and near-Nazis. Mr. Knauth describes this struggle as it took place in the Frankfurt region, shortly before the end of the war. He could have reported on it in almost every center which we occupied. In fact, the tug-of-war between honest anti-Nazis, who look shabby, and camouflaged Nazis, who seem so neat and respectable, continues to be fierce.

Having traveled with the Air Power Press Camp during part of his stay in Germany, Mr. Knauth is able to give an idea of the vital importance of strategic bombing in modern warfare.

He also studied the reaction of

key groups in Germany, such as the country's ministers. Some optimists will be disappointed to read the conclusions which Mr. Knauth draws from an interview with Pastor Niemoeller, whom the author does not consider as constructive or promising a leader as some of the pastor's admirers would like him to be for the sake of the revival of Christian faith in Germany.

The days of high adventure when millions of the one-time supermen were panting for a chance to surrender to victorious American armies finds a vivid echo in "Germany in Defeat." Mr. Knauth was among those who witnessed the surrender of Field Marshal von Kesselring and his bemedalled staff. In and near Berchtesgaden he collected Hitlerana as he interviewed the secretaries, stenographers, and the chauffeur of Adolf Hitler. He reprints an eye-witness version of the famous July 20th attempt on Hitler's life that failed, and quotes the chauffeur's version of Hitler's death.

Since last summer some of these interviewees have indicated that they did not tell all, and this is evident in some of the passages of Mr. Knauth's book, especially in his chapter on Hitler. The author realized himself that the secretaries remained devoted to their erstwhile lord and master and yet he gave a good deal of credence to most of their claims and to the false testimony of the dyed-in-the-wool double dealer Dr. Theo Morel, Hitler's personal physician.

In Berlin, in Hitler's underground shelter in the garden of the chancellery, Mr. Knauth believes he found confirmation of the claim of Hitler's chauffeur, who said that Hitler and his wife committed suicide on a sofa in the shelter. The chauffeur had also described the slit trench that was turned into a funeral pyre for Adolf Hitler and Eva Hitler while Russian shells were falling all around the mourners.

It had rained a good deal in Berlin between the cremation of Hitler and the day we entered Berlin with our troops. We did find what could have been a slit trench a few weeks earlier. We all poked through that sand with little sticks looking for evidence. Nearby Percy Knauth found a big, slightly charred bone which he carried carefully in a handkerchief to take it to an expert for examination. Evidently the expert did not identify it as part of a human skeleton because Mr. Knauth does not mention his find of that fateful day in July 1945 when Americans and Russians joined hands to coöperate in Hitler's former capital. From hints passed out by a number of Russians it is clear that they have additional information about the whereabouts of Hitler's remains, but to date they have not chosen to speak.

The Lost Continent

By Starr Nelson

"FROM Mu to Monadnock was a long long way
For you to come, sweet traveler," he whispered
Watching a slow pale fern above the dark head
Uncurl, while over the mist-blurred cedars Ra
Shone on love's wearied body where it lay.
"O lovely arrow, you may never return," he said,
"To the golden quiver whence like light you sped.
That continent drowned in flames, and far away;
Your gods are drifting in Pacific sand."

He turned, and seeing the bluegreen smother of pine trees,
And the fog-spume, and the tidal wave roar up Monadnock,
Took, without thought, only feeling it in his, love's hand—
And knew whose country had crumbled in those seas,
And knew whose faith would hold him to this rock.

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Scotland a While Back

THE CRYSTAL BOAT. By Dorothy Erskine. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1946. 214 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

SCOTLAND at the end of the thirteenth century comes to life in parts of this novel, and before the tale ends we have met a colorful procession of medieval folk: King Alexander III and his second Queen, Joletta; their rough-spoken yet kindly court physician; a good monk who, like St. Francis, loves all God's creatures; a chattering Prioress, endlessly spinning out her contradictory thoughts and mixing her threads; and finally Janet MacConnla, our heroine, daughter of a wild clan of Highlanders, related "on the wrong side of the blanket" to those who think themselves above royalty. The plot concerns Janet's love for the apostate Guibert, her betrothal by her brothers to a man whom she loathes, her escape from this hateful union through the King's favor, her pregnancy, and ensuing exciting events.

Miss Erskine knows her medieval Scotland well and uses her somewhat conventional though occasionally spirited plot as a string upon which to bead information about the life and legends of the period. Now the marriage of history and fiction is a delicate matter, since these incompatibles by their very nature tend to boss each other out of existence. And, unfortunately, the better a novelist is acquainted with history, the harder it is for him to keep his background from cluttering up his fictional foreground. That Miss Erskine can see her characters in the round, make them act effectively, and arouse among her readers an interest in their fate, all this becomes evident in the second half of her book. Before that point has been reached, however, she has expended too much time and effort on details which decorate but do not integrate her tale. For the most part her characters are types, not people. Moreover, by eschewing all dialogue and by imitating the vocabulary and formless prose of medieval narratives, she unnecessarily slows up her pace.

Nevertheless, incurable lovers of Scotland and of historical novels in general—and there are many in both categories—may well find this romance with its medieval trappings much to their taste. Squeamish old ladies should perhaps be warned that the embellishments include several impolite words and a realistic childbirth.

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Henry VIII's No. 4

MY LADY OF CLEVES. By Margaret Campbell Barnes. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith Co. 1946. 351 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IF Mrs. Barnes is so indiscreet as to continue in her present ways, she will almost surely find herself expelled from membership in the Union of Female Historical Novelists; for her sins of omission and commission, when judged by the criteria of standard union practice, are too grave to be ignored.

What has Mrs. Barnes done? She has, quite simply, reverted to old standards, according to which the double business of a historical novelist consisted in writing good fiction and tolerably good history. This double business was never easy to perform, and the triumphs in the kind are few. The business has become no easier, and the success of "My Lady of Cleves" is not complete. But the book is knowledgeably and thoughtfully made, the narrative holds and excites the interest despite the familiarity of the basic pattern, and the central character grows upon the printed pages until she finally emerges from them as a remarkable, admirable, and lovable woman. If this novel's Anne is not the true one of history, then so much the worse for fact. She is a woman it is good to have known, and, if the Tudors never knew her like, it is a pity.

The reader meets her with Holbein, who has been sent to paint portraits of herself and her sister, so that Henry VIII may choose one of them as Jane Seymour's successor. (Perhaps the king would have preferred Christina of Milan, but that young widow is reported to have said that she would consider marrying the Defender of the Faith only if she had two necks.) The reader takes leave of Anne immediately after Henry's death, when she is serenely established at Richmond, in a great house that she has made peculiarly her own, and in a great country that she has also made her own within little more than seven years. Meanwhile, we have seen her plunged into political intrigues of which she knew nothing at first, but which she survived. We have seen her win the affection and respect of the husband who had once repudiated her on sight. We have watched her gain the trust of Mary Tudor and of Nan Bullen's daughter, the sincere regard of such different men as Cranmer and Thomas Seymour; watched her try to succor foolish Katherine Howard; watched her establish a sure, secure position in times of swirling uncertainty, when a false step led to the Traitors' Gate, and then one step beyond.

The character of Henry VIII's fourth wife has always been a somewhat enigmatic one, although one that has not engaged the violent partisan attentions of historians still bent on fighting the old battles of the English Reformation. We know, at least, that she achieved a notable act of survival, and we may be sure that, whatever her diplomatic significance, she must have walked her path wisely and carefully in order to do so. Mrs. Barnes shows her walking in just that way, aided by a sound and effective sense of humor.

Of course, the novelist must herself thread a course through one of history's most controversial eras, and it is impossible that she should have done this without exposing herself to argument and correction, particularly as she has played her game the hardest way, by peopling her stage with historical figures only, instead of permitting herself the license enjoyed by novelists who concentrate on imagined characters acting against a historical background and surrounded by a few famous names. Such argument and correction, however, is the business of experts, in whose company I am sure Mrs. Barnes would acquit herself well. On literary grounds, one may accuse her of writing a little too floridly in a very few passages.

But the important and the chief thing is that these historical characters of hers do come alive in a succession of memorable scenes: not only Anne, but Henry and Holbein and Cranmer and Tom Culpepper and Thomas Seymour and the rest. This is a real achievement in a difficult kind of writing. And the whole of "My Lady of Cleves" is as good as its parts.

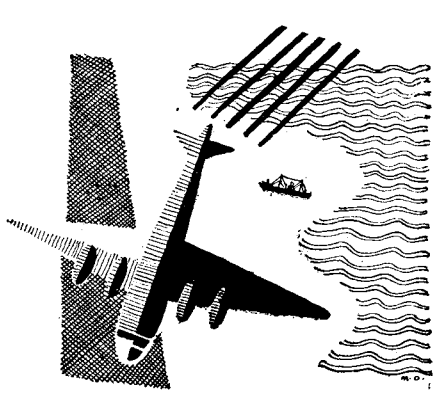
THE ADMIRALS: SABOTEURS OR SAVIORS?

(*Continued from page 8*)

By FLETCHER PRATT

been counting carrier-based aircraft as part of the naval arm for more than twenty years. He would be as near right if he said that "seapower" had contributed little to wear down the Japanese merchant marine, because the submarines did that job; or that the Army accomplished nothing toward the breakthrough at Avranches, because it was done by tanks.

What is supposed to be the final clincher is the statement that we had better get the merger set up because in the foreseeable future we are going to have to fight an entity he denominates as "Chindia," and defines as the united forces of the Asiatic land mass, including China, India and Siberia. It is all as wearisome and makes just about as little sense as somebody shouting in a bar room.



By ROBERT NEVILLE

notes that, although they are immediately adjacent, each station maintains its own fire department, its own hospital, its own recreation facilities, even its own chaplain.

The same duplication can be seen on numerous Pacific islands. There are Army piers and Navy piers, Army stevedores and Navy stevedores, Army harbor boats and Navy harbor boats, Army steam baths and Navy steam baths, Army postoffices and Navy postoffices. There is a Naval Air Transport Service (NATS) and an Army Transport Command (ATC), both of which often go to the same places but use separate fields and are maintained by separate organizations. At Cherbourg, during the Normandy invasion, there was a Navy hospital whose physicians could not get permission to "join the Army" even during emergency periods. Repair parts for Army and Navy planes are not marked identically, with the result that an Army plane might be broken down and yet a Navy stockroom only a few yards away would be unable to determine whether it had or did not have the parts.

Here are only a few examples of duplication, but they alone are sufficient to make a telling brief for Mr. Huie. Although he could have made his case more accurate and hence airtight, the author nevertheless does make his case.

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NEWS IS A COMMODITY

(Continued from page 6)

Then news *is* a commodity, like steel. A fact is something for sale, frozen in a Birdseye package. It isn't something that belongs to everybody, like sun and air and water.

The very editors and publishers who go around crying that we cannot exist half slave and half free, half capitalistic and half socialistic, half this and half that, call the press a "quasi-public" institution. Well, is it a public institution or isn't it? And if it is, who gave them the mandate to run it? Who holds them to account—and how?

The public? Yes, to a degree. But what choice has the public in eighty percent of our newspaper communities, the monopoly cities—particularly where the local press achieved monopoly, as it so often has, not by victory in the open market but by behind-the-scenes trades and deals and financial manipulation in which the public had no hand?

In his recent book, "The First Freedom," Morris Ernst noted the frightening trend toward monopoly in the mass communication fields, the threat to the free flow of ideas in the domination of press, radio, and motion pictures by a few score of people. Mr. Ernst deliberately refrained from writing "in terms of Sarnoff, Paley, Noble, McCosker, Reid, Sulzberger, Howard, the Cowles, Gannett, Field, Knight, the Pattersons, McCormick, Hearst, Perry, Ogden, Mayer, the Schenks, Odlum, Rubin, the Warners, Balaban, Luce, Wallace."

In the past two years—in the course of a running newspaper assignment—I have met and talked at length with half a dozen of the press leaders Mr. Ernst mentions and several others. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Ernst that "by and large they are decent, fair, and wise as our present negligent democracy deserves."

You can't blame them for getting sick and tried of the kind of attack that accuses them all of plotting against the people and of deliberately dealing in poison. Yet it is hard to agree with Mr. Ernst that the personality of these men is not pertinent to the larger problem of a free press. If change comes, it must come through men—men big enough, with the boldness and vision to look beyond their patterns of practice and their immediate personal advantage. Where will you find such men in our press today? Where are the giants, the heroic figures, who can take their eyes off the ledger long enough to look to the heavens? Yes, there are a few who talk like Waymack and Mark Ethridge, but can they swing their fellows from within the institution? Change, if it comes, will come from outside. And count on it, it will be bitterly resisted.

Asking the current custodians of the press to make whatever adjustments may be necessary for the new age is something like asking the residents of Greenwich to give up their homes to make way for the United Nations. We'll make little headway while consenting that the press remain primarily and exclusively a business enterprise and asking it at the same time not to act like one.

The newspaper publishers' record in accepting the new and the challenging is not a shining one. Witness their performance when radio

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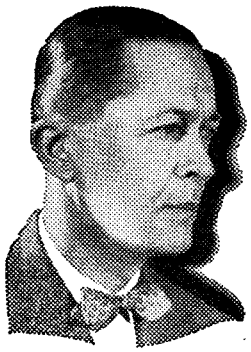

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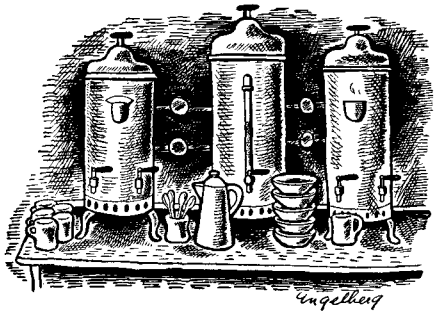

first appeared on the scene: they ignored it, rebuffed it, and fought it before finally embracing it.

Did any of them pay much serious attention when Alexander Meiklejohn, the eminent educator, suggested a few years ago—as one possible solution—that the newspaper be made a part of the university, which, despite obvious limitations, "does rise above the general level of the community that supports it"? Dr. Meiklejohn's point, not a new one, was that the men who own and manage our newspapers are intent, under the present arrangement, not on providing news, but on selling it, on making a profit from it. He insisted that the collecting and interpreting of news must be separated from the making of money just as is the advancement of teaching and learning.

"On the one hand they (the publishers) are in bondage to their advertisers, whose interests they must serve," he said. "On the other hand they are in bondage to their readers, who must give them their market. And from the point of view of the health of the community mind, the situation has become, I think, so intolerable that no free government can allow it to continue."

Academic theorizing? Yes. So are the findings of the Freedom of the Press Commission. Most of its members are eminent scholars. None of them is connected with any of the mass communications industries. Men who have nothing of their own at stake can best point the way to progress.

When they have pointed, the next step will be up to the public. Publishers make no promises.

Soon after Mr. Luce set up his commission, I had occasion to ask him what would happen if the commission should conclude that one of the threats to the free press was the concentration of the sources of information in big, shiny, powerful organizations like his own.

"If that's what they find," he replied, "that's what they find."

Kenneth Stewart is the author of "News Is What We Make It" (1943).

Literary Note

By Baron Ireland

MUCH have I read in thick anthologies
Of humorous verse, wherein included are
The cadenced quip, the lightly metered wheeze
Of bards who hitch their carts to Whimsy's star:

The masters of the gay and rhythmic jest—
Calverley, Herbert, Adams, Taylor, Hood,
Belloc and Bishop—some the very best,
None mediocre, all extremely good.

Of some, one finds a clever verse or two;
Of others better known, p'r'aps three or four
And so on to the justly famous few
Whose merit earns them eight, ten —even more.

Yet note: not one* so high upon the list
That by a dozen poems his worth be shown
But that the shy, yet just, anthologist
Must needs include as many of his own.

*Oh well, if you *must* quibble.

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Britain and American Survival

BRITAIN: PARTNER FOR PEACE. By Percy Elwood Corbett. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1946. 177 pp. $2.

Reviewed by NORMAN ANGELL

THE Yale Institute of International Studies, which was organized in 1935 for the purpose of promoting research and training in the field of international relations, has added a very good and a very well timed book to those for which it is already responsible.

The new book, "Britain: Partner for Peace," deals with Britain's role in the post-war world, and is by Percy Corbett, professor of government and jurisprudence in Yale University. Author and publisher are especially to be congratulated on the book's timeliness, coming as it does immediately on the heels of the moves by Russia which have given a new turn to the whole international problem, and just after the speeches of Churchill in the United States which have raised so sharply the issue of Anglo-American relations.

The main service of this book, perhaps, is that the author rises to a point of order in a heated and emotional debate, to remind the participants of what it is all about, and of the facts which have to be considered, facts which are mostly unknown, disregarded, or misinterpreted.

What *is* the international debate about? Or, more importantly, what ought it to be about? In his very first paragraph, Professor Corbett makes that clear. It is about national survival.

> The nations that fought against Germany from 1939 to 1945 were impelled by the primary motive of preserving their own modes of life in their own lands. They fought against foreign subjugation. If there was one principle shared by all of them, it was not any common doctrine of democracy; it was merely this, that peoples which have contrived to achieve for themselves a distinct and autonomous political organization and which desire to live at peace with their neighbors shall not be robbed of their independent national existence.

When Britain took up arms after Poland was invaded her prime motive was not the salvation of Poland. "It was her own eventual protection," continues Professor Corbett, "against a power which, having already absorbed Austria and Czechoslovakia, was believed likely to follow the conquest of Poland with an attack on France and England. The United States only began direct assistance to Britain in 1940 when the utter defeat of France convinced the American government that the British bastion of American security was in deadly peril."

If the truths enunciated in this quotation had been kept in mind this last year or two, about ninety per cent of the acrimony which has marked inter-allied discussion would have been avoided. There would have been no expectation among Englishmen of "gratitude" on the part of Americans for Britain's role in the war; and we should not have heard in America the taunts about British "ingratitude" for all that America has done; nor would there have been injected the dangerous confusion that the real purpose of the war was a world-wide revolution, abolishing the old status quo and setting up an entirely new social and economic order, upon the nature of which, however, the revolutionaries themselves are in bitter disagreement. Avoiding those confusions, we should have seen there can be no defense of the right to national existence except collective defense, defense by an organized society of nations. Individual defense can no longer be effective, just as within the nation no one would be safe if each refused to tax himself

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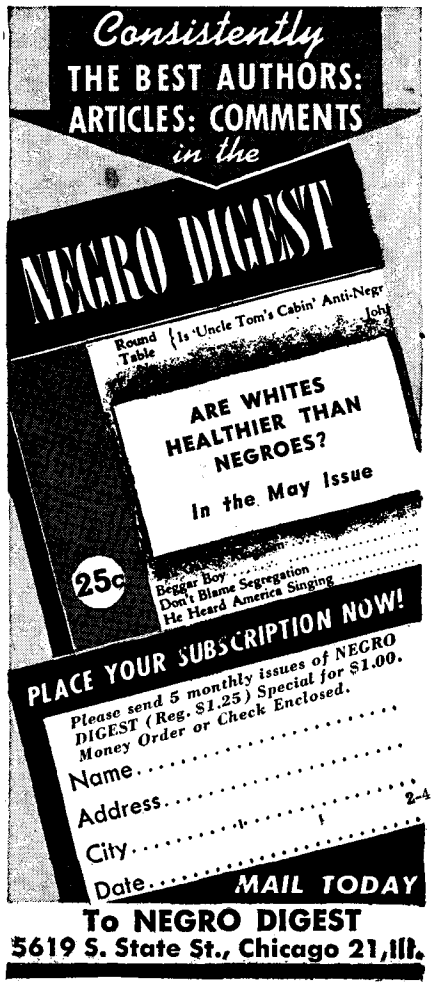

for the defense of his neighbor about whom he may not care two hoots and whom he may have very good reasons cordially to dislike.

Professor Crane Brinton has recently argued that the proper role of the United States should be that of impartial mediator or umpire between Britain and Russia. It is significant that this book, written presumably a year or so later, should come much nearer to urging Churchill's "fraternal association." While there is no formal alliance, "the multifarious arrangements which pooled their resources, combined their staffs, and coördinated their operations for the purposes of war, implemented a partnership in emergency which was probably closer than anything ever previously achieved between independent nations." Although not designed to last into peace, the author goes on, "there is nevertheless an Anglo-American alliance in fact which has proved at least as firm as any based on formal agreement. The two nations are constrained to act together in the last resort by the near-identity of the things which they respectively seek to defend. The latest and most striking manifestation of this basic alliance is the partnership of the United States, Britain, and Canada in the invention and production of the atom bomb."

Professor Corbett emphasizes the fact that the members of the British Commonwealth are not held together by coercion or even by sentiment. They are mainly an association for consultation for purposes of mutual security. He insists that it is not in the interest of the United States to weaken the cohesion of the Commonwealth. Quite the contrary. "Because a weak partner may be a liability rather than an asset, something more than a negative tolerance should be cultivated. . . . Any special readiness of the Dominions to assist the United Kingdom will usually be tantamount to a special readiness for service in the forward line of American defense. So long, in a word, as the United States finds an identity of fundamental interest with the British nations, so long should it foster their individual and collective power."

We live in days when events move so rapidly that some unforeseen development may alter the whole international situation from one day to another. But, however that world situation may change and whatever adaptations of Anglo-American relationship may be called for in such change, this much is certain: nothing can be gained and the dangers will be enormously increased by common ignorance of the basic facts. Perhaps the greatest utility of this book is to take stock of the facts. "No great political association has ever been more generally misunderstood than the British Commonwealth of Nations," writes the author. He points out very truly that the British themselves are hazy as to the nature of the commonwealth and Empire, and often just as incapable as the foreigner of defining the terms of Commonwealth association. "Britain and its colonies" is a phrase, Professor Corbett notes, much used in America, as indicating a single po-

—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star-Journal

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. One? fifty thousand!
2. With my crossbow I shot the albatross.
3. Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.
4. Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!
5. I came because your horse would come.
6. "Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain."
7. The names of those that love the Lord.
8. We have come to fish for the herring-fish that live in this beautiful sea.
9. 'Tis the Star Spangled Banner.
10. Said the Piggy, "I will."
11. Some ship in distress that cannot live in such an angry sea!
12. Certainly, I'll go and tell the cow now before she goes to bed.
13. Out of the everywhere into the here.
14. Nevermore!
15. Lo, I will stand at thy right hand and keep the bridge with thee.
16. Why, you shall say at break of day: Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!
17. And now I am come, with this lost love of mine to lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
18. "Why, that I cannot tell," said he; "but 'twas a famous victory."
19. My mother.
20. How many? Seven in all.

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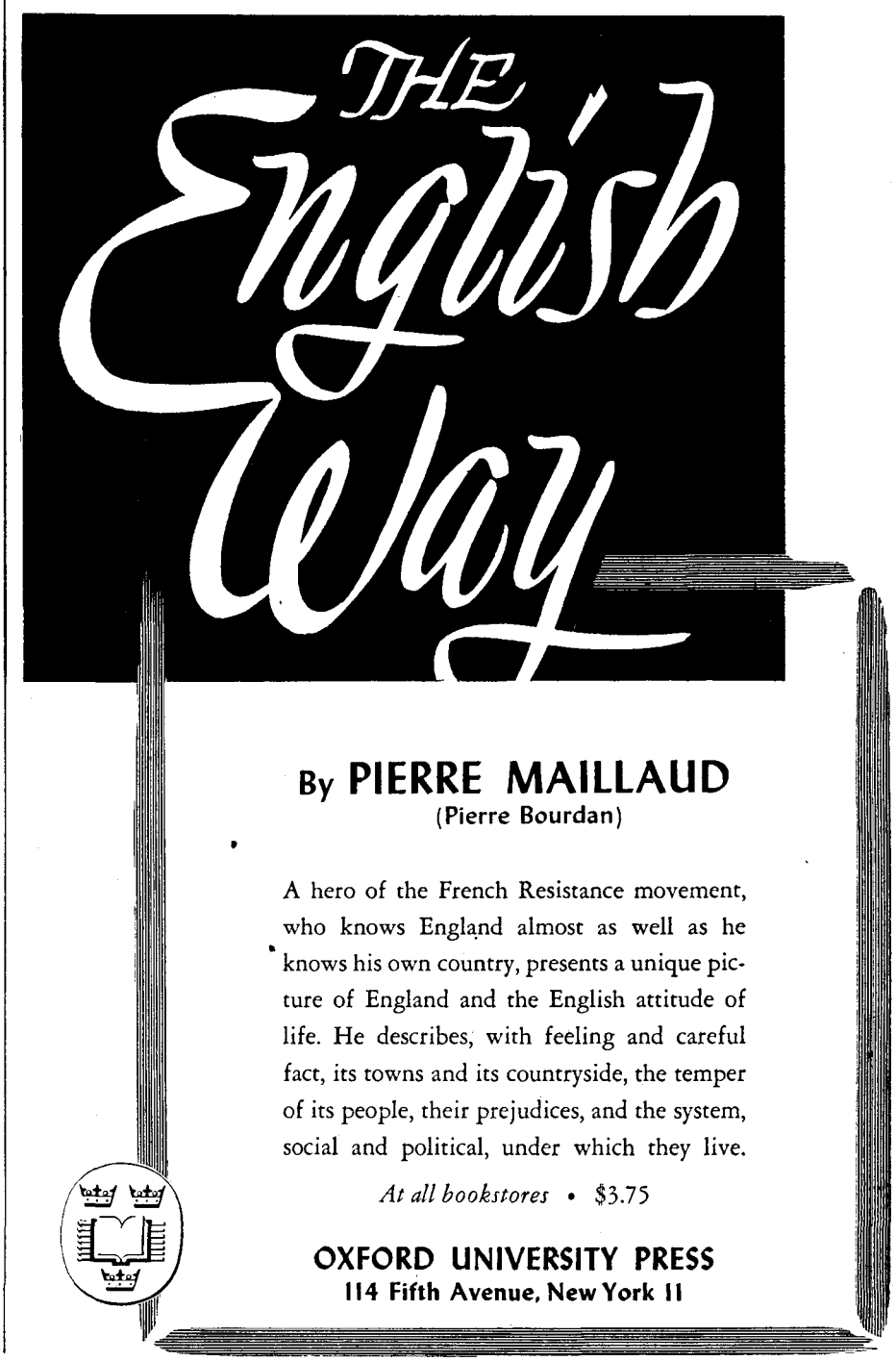
litical entity in world negotiation. "This fallacious simplification might not be serious if it were limited to the man in the street. Unfortunately, it is indulged by many persons, including government officials, who, by reason of position or education, exercise more than average influence." He cites as an example of this, the loose way in which "Britain's six votes" in the League and the UN were commonly cited as justifying the demand of the Soviet Union for a similar number, the whole argument ignoring the simple fact that Great Britain has no power to control the vote of any Dominion.

But there are a score of other myths equally disastrous to an understanding coöperation that still need dispelling and that go deeper into misconception. This reviewer has noticed quite a large number of statements, letters, speeches, newspaper articles, in which, discussing the proposed loan to Britain, the query is presented: "Why should Britain need this help, since she owns a great empire on which the sun never sets?"—indicating a similar conception to that which prompted Lindbergh, at a vast public meeting, to the applause of tens of thousands, to declare: "This war has come because Britain owns too much of the world and Germany too little." The important thing about such statements, which are still made daily, is that no one seems to note that the terms used make nonsense; that Britain does not "own" the empire at all; that if she were to "lose," say, Jamaica to the United States, or Canada were to become a series of American states, there would not be a transfer of property from one group of owners to another, since property would remain in the same hands after the transfer as before. There would be a change of government; not a transfer of property. If Britain were to "lose" India there is no reason to suppose that, given order and security in that sub-continent, Britain's trade therewith would disappear. When Britain "lost" the American colonies, British trade with the people that lived there was not wiped out. After a relatively short period it became greater than it had ever been. Such is the force of words over men's minds that the word can at times, as in this matter, utterly distort all clarity of thought and blind men to obvious fact. Professor Corbett has most usefully given us the facts. What is needed just as much now is their clarification in relation to the international problem.

What has prompted the growth of the British Empire is far more an instinct of survival than any dark plot of capitalists bent upon "the ruthless exploitation of helpless Colonials," as critics so commonly charge. When the Spanish Armada sailed up the Channel the English seamen who defeated it were concerned for the moment to prevent a Spanish invasion of England. But the defeat of the Armada made possible the settlement by Englishmen of the eastern seaboard of the North American continent, which was the beginning of modern British imperialism, which in turn gave us finally the United States—to whom British imperialism is now anathema. It was thanks to the existence of the empire that Britain was able to play the part it did in the defeat of Fascism. We have to face the fact that but for the Empire and all involved in it, Britain might in the Second World War have been neutral like Ireland, or evasively subservient to Hitler like Spain (which is no longer an imperial power), or might have become collaborationist like France. Any of these choices would have added to America's difficulties in defending her way of life. Professor Corbett does not explore these contingencies, but he gives us some of the facts necessary to their exploration, an exploration not unconnected with our task of so organizing the democratic world that it will not perish under the atom bombs it has created, but which it has not yet learned to control.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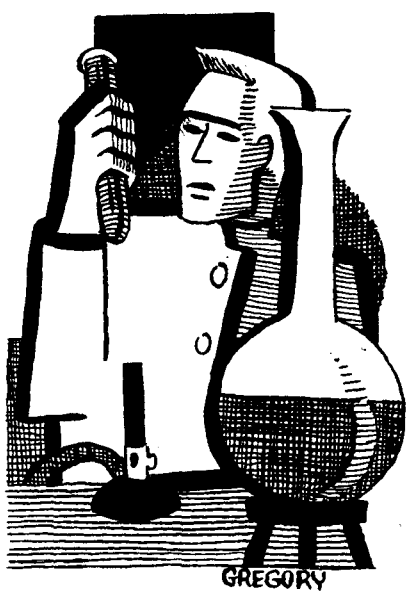
A Slight Case of Poison

THOMAS SUGRUE

I WAS minding my own business, cleaning an old Smith and Wesson hammerless .38, when a messenger came with a book entitled "Poisons."* He was an old fellow, the messenger, with a tired eye and a rugged, ignited nose. Wistfully he said, while I rummaged for a tip, "Would there be anything in that book for a guy like me? I know a couple of slobs. . . ." "Wait until



July," I said. "They're going to drop something in the Pacific that may do the job for you." He seemed not to hear me. "They call this a free country," he went on. "Why if I even have so much as a couple dozen beers before supper. . . ." I gave him a small, odorless, gray-colored metal alloy, a mixture of Ag and Pb. He smiled. "Thanks," he said. "If you need me for anything, like holding the mortar while you pestle, leave me know." His simple honesty brought tears to my eyes (a mixture of water and common salt). "I will leave you know," I said.

When he had gone I examined the book, a volume which described itself as "a really practical book on poisons." I quickly gave the dust jacket a chemical bath, held the text under water, checked the pages with a sheet of litmus paper, and settled down in an easy chair for some quiet reading. The preface was reassuring. "Here in simple language," it said, "ready for rapid reference, with a minimum of technical details, is a handbook on the effects and emergency treatments of poisons. . . . originally written for police, investigators, and peace officers, this material will, we believe, be of value also to physicians, nurses, chemists, and pharmacists. It would even be valuable in the home." I began the first chapter—"Poison Investigation." It defined poison and listed the various kinds—corrosive, irritant, systemic. It noted that "cases of accidental poisoning are far more numerous than those with suicidal or homicidal intent." The score kept by the Chief Medical Examiner of New York City for 1941 was 676 to 500 in favor of the accidental. The suicides used everything from wood alcohol to gasoline, including nicotine, nitric acid, and lye. There were only six homicides, all by illuminating gas. I felt better.

On page five, under "Hints for the Investigator," the authors noted that "a murderer does not use poisons having extreme odors, colors, or tastes, as they may tend to raise suspicion in the intended victim." I paused long enough to sniff the air and check the magazine of my rod, which was lying on a small table at my side. Then I went on to Chapter 2, "Basic Information for the Investigator." This was about acids and alkalies, emetics, sources of drugs, and household chemicals. There was an interesting note about lethal doses for children. If you want to know how much it takes to knock off a nipper, divide his age by twenty-four and measure out the resulting fraction of an adult dose. I was now up to page fourteen. "Here is the patient," it said. "Here is the vial of white powder he has swallowed. We think it is white arsenic. Is it?"

My ears picked up a quick, small sound—metal forcing metal, turning it slowly. The door was opening. I picked up the .38 and covered the entrance, hiding the gun with the book. A hand moved through the opening and I caught the glint of a long barrel. Then a voice said, "It's the maid." I went on to "Preparing the Unknown for Analysis." Then came the symptoms—dry mouth (atropine, belladonna, opium), dry skin (aconite, antimony), stupor (acetanilid, barbital, chloral hydrate). I lingered over the antidotes. Did I have any vinegar in the house? Any potassium permanganate? Any sodium acetate?

**POISONS, Their Properties, Chemical Identification, Symptoms, and Emergency Treatments. By Vincent J. Brookes and Hubert N. Alyea. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc. 1946. 209 pp. $3.*

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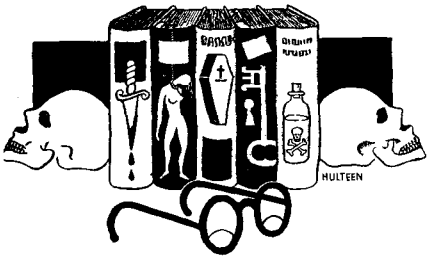
Then came the poisons themselves, 111 in all, each one capable of inducing death. With some the end comes quickly, with others it is a slow and painful process. There is cyanide, of course; a fraction of a gram will do the trick, or hydrogen cyanide gas of a concentration of only one part in five hundred. There is aconite, called variously friar's cowl, monkshood, mouse bane, and wolf's bane. It comes from the dried tuberous root of the *Aconitum napellus,* and is one of the deadliest of drugs. Death has resulted in eight minutes. The fatal dose is not known exactly, but it is probably not much more than a milligram. The symptoms are salivation, a tingling sensation of the lips, mouth, and throat. There is also belladonna, commonly known as deadly nightshade, death's herb, and dwale. A few grains are sufficient.

At this point the doorbell rang. I put the gun in my pocket. It wouldn't be the first time I had shot from the hip. They would find out I was no ordinary middle-class fool, but a man to be reckoned with. The maid was in the bedroom. From it a strange, unidentifiable odor was drifting. "Come in," I said to the door. It opened and a tall, rough-looking man entered. "Okay to wash the windows?" he said. "Okay," I said. I was trapped; I couldn't watch both of them. I went back to reading, one hand in my pocket.

Hydrogen sulphide, or stink damp, is well known. It has an odor of decomposing eggs, and one part in two hundred makes the air fatal to man. Sodium fluoride comes in colorless crystals and white powders. Less than one grain has caused death. The symptoms are burning cramp-like pains in the abdomen, muscular twitching, pallor, weak pulse. Sodium nitrate is a white, odorless, crystalline salt. Strychnine poisoning is common. There are forty-one poisonous chemicals which are ordinarily used in industry, forty-two noxious gases and vapors which may result from them, and nine dusts and fumes which may be deadly. In the fields and mountains there are toadstools, pit vipers, and black widow spiders. In the medicine chest there is iodine; in the kitchen there is rat paste.

Suddenly the telephone rang. As I picked it up the front door opened, the maid came out of the bedroom holding something in her hand, the window washer stepped into the room and walked towards me. A voice in my ear said, "There is a man down here with a small package for you. He insists on delivering it personally. . . ."

My throat was dry, my lips twitched, and I detected a definite odor of wet shoes. Through half-

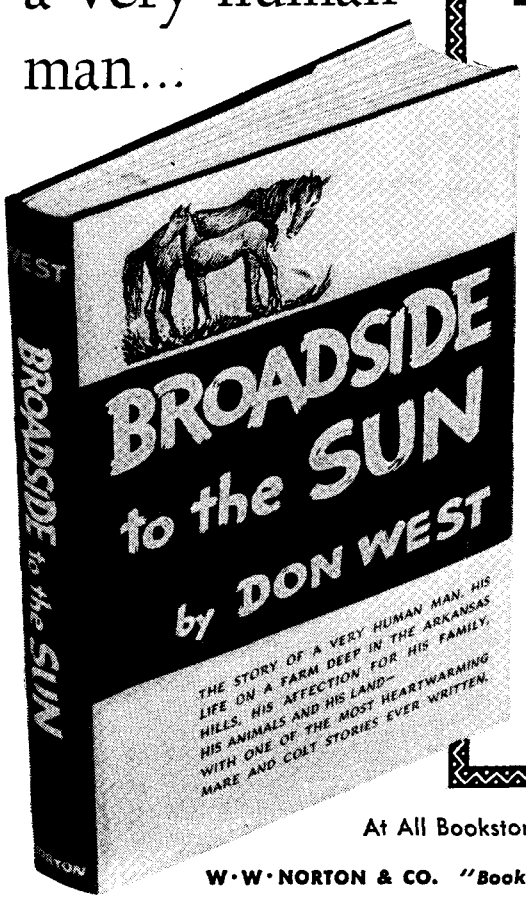


closed eyes I saw three men, obviously detectives. Beyond them stood an old fellow with a beard and a scythe. Said the first detective, "How old is he?" Said the second detective, "Well, Jane is eight and Ilse is half his age plus three-fourths of Jane's age." The first detective nodded. "That makes him eighteen," he said. The third detective was reading the book on poisons. "How can we tell what antidote to give him?" he asked. "We don't know whether he took an acid or an alkali. We have to give him the opposite of what he took." The first detective said casually, "He didn't take anything. He was bitten by a pit viper. It was coiled in his gun. This will fix him up." He placed a few flakes of white crystalline powder in a glass of water.

My gun had been removed, and my wallet. The odor of wet shoes came nearer. I remembered, wistfully, the first time I saw Marilyn Miller, from the balcony of Shubert's in New Haven. The first detective was holding the glass of water toward me. With a desperate lunge (which they had failed to remove) I knocked the glass from his hand and seized him by the throat. As we fell to the floor the old man with the scythe moved in.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Poisons" is an excellent handbook for home or office, hospital or police headquarters. It contains, in addition to complete descriptions and explanations of all the poisons, a chart in which this information is briefed for quick reference. It is equipped with a glossary, a list of analytical reagents, a set of tables, and an ingenious method for translating apothecaries' measures into household amounts. Nothing has been omitted and there is hardly a predicament which is not anticipated and provided against. It is not a book to be read for pleasure, however, and obviously should have been kept out of the hands of a reviewer accustomed to romantic novels and volumes on the more normal forms of eschatology.

The story of a very human man...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BEETHOVEN, APPASSIONATA SONATA OP. 57, Arthur Rubenstein. VICTOR M 1018 (3) $3.50	Fine piano tone, on the brilliant side. Large dynamic range.	A—	A brilliant performance but not too profound; still, a must for every piano library. Plastic version easily worth the money if you have good machine, light pick-up.
Same, on plastic VICTOR V 3 (3 *Plastic*) $6.50		AA	
RACHMANINOFF, PIANO CONCERTO #2, NY Philharmonic, Rodzinski. Gyorgy Sandor. COLUMBIA M 605 (4) $4.50	Technically a dull and confused recording; details blurred. Piano is somewhat metallic.	B+	Disappointing. Not as warm a performance as old Rachmaninoff-Phila. version (M V M 58); nor any better than Moisevitch (V M 666). Can't compare technically with other recent NY Philharmonic records. Why?

TO date of writing I consider myself lucky to have received only a single letter of protest concerning my remarks about Arturo Toscanini of a few weeks ago. Toscanini is at the moment the nation's favorite conductor, thanks in part at least to his dynamic personality, which seems to find new sources of energy as the years pass. It is of course hardly possible to criticize such a figure without arousing some protest, and so I had figured on that ahead of time.

But what I would like to make doubly clear in retrospect for those who may feel I am unjustly critical is that Toscanini is without question one of the greatest conductors of our time; that, however, I feel in his most recent performances a kind of strain, an exaggeration of what have always been his dominant musical characteristics, that is not conducive to really great playing. I say again that Toscanini is inevitably very near the end of his extraordinary career; and my suspicion is that his promoters, perhaps with the best of intentions, are pushing him too hard, or allowing him to push himself too hard—which he can be expected to do.

I don't think it's a ghoulish prediction to say that in five years Toscanini will not be the conductor he still is today. I don't think it is unwise to suggest that now is the time for him to slow down. And knowing the temptations involved in the promotion of such a musical gold mine as Toscanini, I don't therefore look forward to the Toscanini records still to come with quite as much enthusiasm as some.

A comparison might be made with Serge Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony, which in my opinion is the greatest all-around orchestra-conductor combination today, and another one not likely to last much longer. But Koussevitsky is seventy-two, Toscanini seventy-nine. The Boston has been constantly under Koussevitsky's direction for twenty-two years and has been playing since the 1880's. The NBC Orchestra is only nine years old—young for any orchestra.

The implication in my correspondent's letter that I have already put Toscanini along with the elderly Paderewski in his last days is absurd. The comparison is relative and was made as a warning. It is perfectly conceivable to me that Toscanini might continue to conduct or be promoted as a conductor until he dropped from sheer exhaustion; such things have happened before. I am far from saying that Toscanini has reached such an impasse right now. But neither, I hope, am I being a prophet of doom in suggesting the possibility. Next year Toscanini will be eighty and today he is doing the work physically and mentally of a man of forty.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Crisis in Pawlet, N. Y.

I KNOW WHAT I'D DO. By Alice Beal Parsons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 252 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

MRS. PARSONS here tells a story of wide appeal and tells it with a technical skill and a sane understanding of human nature that hold the reader's mounting interest to the end. She knows her Hudson River community from its latest immigrants in their tumbledown shanties to its old land-owning families in their beautiful mansions, and she deals as effectively with the emotions of her simple characters as with those of her sophisticates. Moreover, the central theme of this novel, the responsibility of the community versus that of the individual, poses a problem of universal significance.

What should a returned soldier do when he finds everyone offering him covert sympathy steaming from malice, curiosity, or genuine pity, and when he slowly comes to realize that his neighbors believe his wife has been unfaithful during his absence? Al Miller reasoned sensibly enough that "nobody didn't expect men to go without women two, three years," and if his Sally had played around a bit, as people hinted, well, hadn't he had an affair with an English girl himself overseas?

But he didn't count on the nagging interest of the community and its need to vent hatred on a scapegoat: everyone in Pawlet seemed to be saying "I know what *I'd* do in Al's place." He also reckoned without the effect on Sally, his parents, and even his small children. After the Ku Klux Klan took a hand in the affair and burned a fiery cross before his door, Al knew he must act. And eventually a jury had to decide whether his action was the result of premeditated evil intent or of temporary insanity due to the pressure of public opinion.

Most of the portraits in the book, even the incidental ones, are admirable likenesses: the returned soldier, abstracted and uninterested until someone accidentally speaks his language; the young woman, a devoted wife and mother, who nevertheless yields to the excitement of an experienced seducer; a bullying sport, making another man pay for his fun; a worldly-wise writer, equating the effects of love and loneliness on Hawthorne, Emily Dickinson, Sally, and herself; the opposing lawyers, a woman of the man-eating type, a shrewdly cantankerous young doctor, a dowager aristocrat, and finally the different local characters, including the irreconcilable families of Sally and Al. Pawlet may be purely imaginary, as the author contends, but for all that it and its inhabitants are as real as Route 9W.

Mrs. Parsons knows the fierce protectiveness of a young male, however inarticulate, when his mate is attacked; she makes one feel the desperation of a woman trapped by the results of an illicit infatuation; and, as she showed in "The Trial of Helen McLeod," she can handle court-room scenes with the skill of a legal expert and the detached discernment of a professional newspaper reporter.

The novel contains for good measure a shadowy sub-plot: much of the action is seen through the eyes of a woman who writes, and the story of this woman's marriage with its non-monogamous implications deftly accompanies on a different level the story of Al and Sally. If it were not for this secondary interest and for the interest aroused by the case itself, the court-room scenes, which necessarily recapitulate many details already known to the reader, might have seemed merely tautological. As it is, however, each aspect of the trial and the presentation of the evidence create for the reader a new and cumulative suspense. Thus the tale holds up to the end.

The Affairs of Nicholas Culpeper

By MABEL L. TYRRELL

NICHOLAS CULPEPER, herbalist, doctor and student of the sciences, is one of the most unusual characters ever presented in a novel—a refreshingly unconventional story that women will welcome for its passionate undertones and men for its historical emphasis on 17th Century England.

$2.50 *at all bookstores*

MACRAE - SMITH - COMPANY

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the Phoenix Nest

NASCENTES MORIMUR

(On receiving a book of the thoughts of Latin authors, given in 1885 by Thomas William Parsons to Louise Imogen Guiney.)

How long ago indeed
Did I begin to die,
Nor held to any creed
For long, though asking why!
The visage that I wore
Was fixed upon a skull;
These dark eyes that implore,
In sockets hard and dull.

I did begin my death
When all my life was sun.
The ending of my breath
My youth could not outrun.
Bay tree was cypress tree
For all my earnest care;
The throbbing flesh of me
A solemn shroud to wear.

But now the dead has given
What Dante's scholar gave.
And strangely from her heaven
One who was once a slave,
Manilius of old,
In Latin strict and pure
Coins me what's more than gold:
Nascentes morimur.

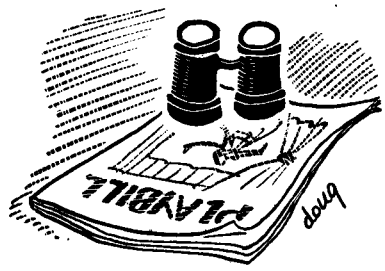
The end in the beginning!
And I believe, my friend,
That wisdom worth the winning
Thus won outshines the end;
For, converse to your truth,
Doth Godhead not engage
I shall renew my youth
When I have shed my age?

I am deeply indebted to May I. O'Brien of Marshfield, Massachusetts, for the copy of the book referred to above. On the title page a line from Euripides is in Parsons's writing, and below: "T. W. P. to L. I. G., 1885," written by Miss Guiney. The notations throughout the book are hers. It was given to Miss O'Brien by Miss Guiney in April 1900. I also have to thank Miss O'Brien for the copy of *The Chap-Book* in its larger format (Vol. VI, No. 6) containing Miss Guiney's original review of "A Shropshire Lad" by A. E. Housman. These are now two of my most treasured possessions. Louise Guiney was one of the finest poets we have had in America. Thomas William Parsons, who died in 1892, was the original of the Poet in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Van Wyck Brooks has written that his poetry was "quite devoid of magic." Nevertheless, his "On a Bust of Dante" is a noble poem, and he was the first translator of any of Dante's "Divine Comedy." In "American Authors 1600-1900," it says that "he learned the entire 'Inferno,' 'Purgatorio,' and 'Paradiso' by heart—a task that makes the head reel—and translated them from memory." He never received proper recognition as a pioneer. For years, strangely enough, "Dr. Parsons" practised dentistry in Boston. He ceased practice twenty years before he died, and spent all his time writing. Miss Guiney and Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote introductions for his "Poems" of 1893, posthumously collected.

* * *

I am grateful for the following communiqué from Earl Walbridge:

> Answering Mr. Barbee's inquiry about the dramatization of Mrs. Southworth's "The Hidden Hand," in which John Wilkes Booth played



> Black Donald (not Major Warfield, "Old Hurricane"), I'll refer him to the article on her in the "Dictionary of American Biography." It states that shortly after publication of the novel in 1859 Mrs. Southworth made a visit to England, where she witnessed a theatrical production of "The Hidden Hand," in which Booth played Black Donald.
>
> The Nest in a recent week began with your poem "Outlander" and ended with Sacco and Vanzetti. Oddly enough, the first line of the poem is "He came a star-roamer," and that reminds me of Jack London's novel of prison life and reincarnation (another good bet for "Famous Fantastic Mysteries"), "The Star Rover" (1915), called "The Jacket" in England. Miriam Allen de Ford, who knows all things interesting, especially when they concern California, wrote me in 1942 soon after publication of her unusual novel "Shaken With the Wind" that the Star Rover's fellow-lifer, Ed Morrell, "was a real person, and the reincarnation dreams of the soi-disant hero, Darrell Standing, were really Morrell's own, related by him to London. Morrell became a lecturer on prison reform after his release from San Quentin; he died some years ago." The note will appear in the forthcoming (perhaps) revision of my book, "Literary Characters Drawn From Life" (H. W. Wilson, 1936), which I hope this time to call "Key Novels and Plays."
>
> All this talk of *fiat Justitia* reminds me of what was my favorite poem ten years ago, one of Lewis Carroll's. I quote from memory:

In a blaze of pragmatic invention
He will wrestle with fate and will reign,
But he hasn't a friend worth the mention,
So hit him again!

* * *

And to the poet John Holmes, of Medford, Mass., thanks for

LINES BEGINNING "I," AND OTHERS

(On proofreading the first-line index of a textbook on understanding poetry)

I was angry with my friend, p. 20.
I struck the board, and cried "No more!"
I must go down to the seas again, p. 2,
Though I'm not quite sure what for.
I am the teacher of athletes, p. 41.
I strove with none, as is only right.
Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.
I saw Eternity the other night.

I wandered lonely as a cloud, p. 75.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE HOUSE IN LORDSHIP LANE *A. E. W. Mason* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Fatal knifing of English financier solved by French sleuth with assistance of ubiquitous Mr. Ricardo.	Lapse of many years has not dulled steel of Hanaud and his able helpers—but, gad, how it does run on!	Museum piece
BLOOD IS A BEGGAR *Thomas Kyd* (Lippincott: $2.)	College prof. shot in darkened classroom during "sound effects" lecture. Rough-hewn local detective takes over.	College faculty life gets beautiful dusting-off in cleverly plotted, ironic and exciting yarn with real surprise at finish.	Magna cum laude
THE INGENIOUS MR. STONE *Robert Player* (Rinehart: $2.)	Wealthy English sisters perish by poison on lecture platform and in moorland hotel. Detective Stone appears and fun begins.	Leisurely yarn so packed with odd characters and mystifying goings on that slow-motion is not noticeable—and pay-off is knockout!	Swell!

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I met a traveller from an antique land.
I fled him down the nights and days.
He cornered me. I shook his hand.
I canna tell what has come ower me.
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.
If I should die, think only this of me:
I was not feeling very well.

I died for beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb, when suddenly—
I, too, sing America—I said, p. 63,
I will arise, etc., and go to Innisfree.
I intended an ode, but the fact is this:
I long to talk to some old lover's ghost,
And tell him the first person singular.
Is what in poetry I dislike the most.

* * *

Lewis Worthington Smith of Des Moines, Iowa, a poet whose work I have long known, and a teacher of note, bursts forth as follows:

JOHN DOE REMARKS

Oh, glorious is our manager
At a thousand bucks a week,
As glamorous as a tanager
With pouncing claw and beak.
We rivet, forge, we little men,
At half of one against his ten.

The world is so constructed,
Our ways are so allied,
That we are well instructed
To find in him our pride;
For he is ours, we made him so.
We turn the lights on for the show.

There may be twists and changes.
Who knows but we may yet
Find succulent pasture-ranges
For daylong toil and sweat;
So now, if we must live in hell
And call it heaven, 'tis very well

* * *

It certainly must be Spring! There's so much VERSE around.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 149

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 149 will be found in the next issue.

JCG CBFK WJG DJAJNK

EHLM HWTOCHLG J DBFK.

DBPKDL PDBECHCN—

FBDRKXXB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 148

Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men.

THOMAS HUXLEY
Animal Automatism.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientele; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to exchange of correspondence. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received fifteen days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

COLUMBIA GRADUATE STUDENT and veteran needs time this summer for reading and writing. Also needs to eat and sleep. Part time work near New York desired. Box 686-P.

BROOKLYN—4-6 rooms desperately needed by family of 5 adults. Box 687-P.

BORED YOUNG LADY wants interesting correspondents. Mention age. Box 667-P.

EMBOSS RAISED NAME, colors including gold on cards, books, etc. Simple. Three color kit one dollar postpaid. Shaw Supply Co., Box 248, Auburn, New York.

YOUNG MAN, College English instructor, desires summer position as secretary-companion or tutor. Will consider anything. Box 442-P.

WOULD LADY, lonely, bookish, liberal, write naturalist poet? Box 688-P.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on gummed label 500 for $1.00. Box 979-K

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing; superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. MU 4-0087.

LIBRARIAN, young, experienced, art background, perfect 4 languages, free July first, seeks summer position country. Box 689-P.

CHARM OF DEEP SOUTH. Magnolia blossom earrings of beautiful white sea shells. Pair $2.00. MAT-HAN Shells, Box 1577, Miami, Florida.

WANTED—someone with progressive social viewpoint, living in the vicinity of Detroit to collaborate in the writing of articles or fiction based on social, economic and political themes. Box 624-P.

TEA TREAT, Pamper your palate with the full, rich flavor of fine DARJEELING. Trial $1.55 lb., Postpaid. CARAVEL, 126 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

CORRESPONDENTS DESIRED who believe in liberalism based on Constitution, also in magazine on subject with ideas of financing and makeup. Box 691-P.

HAVE YOU ANY BUSINESS IDEAS that need financing? All propositions considered confidentially. Box 584-P.

TELESCREEN Magazine—Television for the layman, enthusiast, artist. $1.00 yearly (4 issues). TELESCREEN, 371 South Orange Avenue, Newark, N. J.

SUMMER QUARTERS WANTED: Teacher, responsible, petless, would rent house, apartment, care for owner's pets. Prefer California coast, but open-minded. 3 months. Box 680-P.

EASTERNER—Ardent young man full of bliss, seeks handwritten note from young miss. Box 669-P.

QUALITY CORRESPONDENCE NOTES. $1.00 box. Box 671-P.

ELDERLY LADY would like to share her quiet country home, Gulf coast cooperating with expenses and work. Box 328, Pascagoula, Miss.

NO IMPROVEMENTS but where else than Pomfret, Conn. could resourceful characters have sturdy roof, innumerable acres, and gorgeous view for $200 a year? Box 643-P.

TALENTED ROLLING STONE with a gloss would like to contact a boss. Artist, writer and poet. Box 670-P.

INTERESTED IN PALMISTRY? Send for free list of books. Box 734-P.

WANTED—Book shop within twenty-five miles north or west—Chicago. Box 673-P.

GENTLEMAN wants correspondence with low-brow females. Box 692-P.

PERSONALS

YOUNG MAN, experienced, desires literary, scientific research. Box 668-P.

SUMMER CAMP emphasizes personality development through speech improvement. All summer sports, limited enrollment, boys 11-16. For catalog write: The Shades Boys' Camp, Waveland, Indiana.

PUBLISHED JANUARY 25, Eleven Golden Rules to Stock Market Success by J. F. St. John—"Simple advice to keep the small investor off the breadline." Yours for 25¢ p.p. MERIT HOUSE, 7 Lawrence Avenue, Milford, Conn.

EARLY RISER perforce, male, wishes to correspond with early riser per choice, female. Box 675-P.

ARE YOU INTERESTED in maintaining health and longevity? Send for list of books. Box 559-P.

WRITER, EXPERIENCED, EXPERT LITERARY RESEARCHER, and secretary wants part time work afternoons. Box 617-P.

CIGARETTES—popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.35 per carton, postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52 N. J.

APPLE HILL CAMP—boys, girls 6-12—Charming pre-revolutionary farmstead overlooking New Hampshire hills is setting for this progressive summer camp. Full variety sports, crafts, swimming, emphasizing participation and sportsmanship. Fee $250. Write for booklet: Apple Hill, East Pepperell, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE WANTED—(Interesting, intellectual yet friendly) by man just passing youth. Box 634-P.

WANTED—Advertising job with N.Y.C. area advertising agency or manufacturer who needs my eleven years production and creative experience. Box 672-P.

PERSONAL POEMS WRITTEN; any occasion; placecards, letters, etc. 50¢ per line, $2.00 minimum. Box 674-P.

YOUNG SOLDIER desires stimulating correspondence in Spanish. Box 678-P.

WHY NOT PUT YOUR SPARE TIME TO GOOD USE? Take subscription orders to SRL and ENCORE in your community and receive regular agent's commission. For full details write today: Dept. D-27, The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FOR SALE set of Harvard Classics, sixty dollars. Box 679-P.

YOUNG WOMAN TEACHER, private school, lower grades, seeks stimulating or worthwhile summer work. Box 676-P.

EXCHANGE—good advertising copy or expert styling counsel in exchange for use of small private office in 40-57 Sts., N.Y.C. Box 693-P.

HAVE YOU BOOKS FOR SALE? or magazines? Send list for best offers to Box 736-P.

HEAR YE! Lady in dire need of congenial male correspondence. Who will answer? Box 681-P.

DON'T BE SO PROVINCIAL! Buy books from California. All titles mentioned herein sent postpaid by Campbell's, 10918 Le Conte Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

CRAFTSMAN PRINTING—Prose or poetry manuscripts beautifully hand-set and designed to your satisfaction. Length of copy, or quantity desired, immaterial. Particulars on request. Box 519-P.

"MERRIEBROOK," Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583, Adults only.

SPEAK FRENCH. Quick enjoyable methods versus outmoded. Parisian. AL 4-7134, N. Y. C.

WIDE-AWAKE M.I.T. SOPHOMORE desires stimulating summer position in N.Y.C. Box 682-P.

I (male, 24), will travel anywhere to carry out any orders extraordinary. Available late June ad infinitum. No fear of hazard or responsibility. Write, if interested Box 683-P.

WILL YOU BUY—First edition (1859) of THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVERAL (3 volumes) by George Meredith—in perfect condition? Box 694-P.

YOUNG MIDDLE AGED BUSINESSMAN, enjoying gracious living outdoors and country; theatre, music, intelligent friends. Will correspond with unusual woman. Box 596-P.

(Continued on page 48)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 47)

PENNSYLVANIA GENEALOGIES carefully searched. Box 993-M.

HORACE GREELEY in reverse. Veteran, Western editor seeks desk job, writing, newspaper Eastern city. Box 645-P.

WIDOW, 30, will share her 4-room furnished walk-up, upper Manhattan, west side park—Eighth Avenue subway. Box 695-P.

WRITER, SLICKS, needs researcher and writing assistant under 25. Veteran, fine. Travel, expenses, salary. Experience preferred, not essential if serious. Box 563-P.

SPANISH! SPANISH! SPANISH! Easily! Quickly! Exchange English for SPANISH with refined NATIVES. Practical. Economical. Write: LANGUAGE EXCHANGE CENTER, 1425 Broadway, New York 18.

"TRUE CHRISTIAN RELIGION." To obtain a free copy of an 80-page digest of this remarkable work by the famous scientist, philosopher and theologian, EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, send your *name and address to Swedenborg Foundation, Inc.*, Room 1635, 51 East 42 Street, New York 17.

EX-ARMY OFFICER, college education, single, invites correspondence with anyone interested in ethics, psychology, art, religion, or philosophy. Box 696-P.

YOUNG WRITER (N. Y.) wishes to travel this summer. Excellent driver, sales abilities, adept photographer. Any propositions? Box 697-P.

EXPERIENCED LIBRARIAN, 31, now employed in Manhattan desires to change position, Manhattan, vicinity. Box 569-P.

EXPERIENCED BOOK LOCATOR wants list of desiderata. What do you lack? Box 185-M.

ARTICLES, BOOKS, FICTION, PLAYS marketed. Free Reading. Bertha Klausner, 130 East 40 St., N. Y. 16.

YOUNG ENGINEER has multitude of interests but few friends. Solicits latter. Box 698-P.

EXOTIC FOOD at home. Delight your friends with a dinner that's different. Serve Spaghetti a la Magnifico. Old World Recipe and package of especially blended Italian Seasoning. $1.00 Postpaid. The Italian Chef, P.O. Box 1328, Glendale 5, California.

PEER GYNT. Suggestions needed stage production, particularly fourth act. Box 699-P.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY to buy into successful newspaper and magazine field. $15,000 required. Box 265-P.

SERIOUS MINDED YOUNG WOMAN would like correspondents interested in books, cooking, dogs. Box 550-P.

FOR BOOK ADVERTISING, Publicity, Promotion—Write George Butterly, Times Building, N. Y. 18. BRyant 9-8197.

BEAUTY, COMFORT, INCOME. Ranch for sale. Spacious adobe house. 80 hilltop acres. Almonds, peaches, pistachios. Close to village, beaches, mountains. Far from cities. "Armageddon", Valley Center, California.

MAN, TEACHING ENGLISH and the social subjects, 53, single, Southerner, in good health, with impressive record of study, travel, and experience in colleges and academies (including Annapolis), seeks position June or September. Box 700-P.

READ JAMES T. FARRELL on "Slums of Dublin" in THE WESTERN SOCIALIST. Write for free sample copy, 27 Dock Square, Boston, Mass.

COLLEGE STUDENT desires summer position in or near Philadelphia. Something in literary field or analytical chemistry preferred. Box 701-P.

WHY ARE YOU SINGLE? Am preparing data for book. Your reasons simple and complex welcome. Perhaps in writing out your reason, you may discover the solution. Box 703-P.

SUMMER POSITION AVAILABLE for young woman as companion-governess. June and July in cool Rockies, all expenses paid. Box 628-P.

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE GIRL, creative, responsible, desires summer position. Box 702-P.

GENTLEMAN likes rolling green hills and friendly trees. One who finds the World beautiful and life grand. Enjoys interesting correspondence. Box 704-P.

PERSONALS

N. Y. COMPOSER-WRITER, Veteran, B.A., 25, desires meet his musicomedy (co)writer and/or lyricist. Box 705-P.

WRITER'S OR ARTIST'S RETREAT, perched high on private mountain top overlooking Hudson River; 75 miles from Manhattan; 1¼ miles from Esopus R.R. Station; 88 acres; Private road; 2 water systems—artesian well (not used), icy, sweet spring water piped 1000 feet from source, gravity feed; private streams; old apple orchard, cedar grove; House, 6 rooms, 1 story, gas, electricity, telephone, hot and cold water, bath, shower, all in excellent condition, part of house having been built two years ago. Copper screens, septic tank. Second house on property not entirely completed inside. Garage. Give-away price $5,000. For those seeking idyllic hideaway, this is IT. No other dwelling visible in any direction. BROIDO, 8 West 40 St., New York 18, N. Y.

LIBRARIAN, trained male, three years' experience, wants college or university position. Box 706-P.

MIDDLEWESTERN YOUNG WOMAN with varied interests desires correspondence. Box 598-P.

FAR FROM MADDING CROWDS—Three-room cottage, Woodbury, Connecticut, available July to August. If interested, write giving details. Box 707-P.

SUMMER CAMP OPPORTUNITY: Woman with child. Small, New Hampshire girls' camp: Interrace, Interfaith Project. Woman to cook. Small honorarium. June 27-July 24. Box 708-P.

VAN DE VELDE devotee seeks feminine contacts. Box 709-P.

HAVE FOR SALE one complete folder 40 reproductions "Deutsche Meistersammlung, Albertina, Albrecht Durer" and 2 portfolios Japanese reproductions Chinese paintings in black and white including color print on silk. Contact in writing only, Fred R. Oppenheimer, 35 South William Street, New York 4, N. Y.

LIBRARIAN. New England boarding school for girls needs well trained young woman to make the Library a vital part of school life. Must reside in the school. Good salary. Box 456-P.

YOUNG MOTHER offers her services on nearby summer place in exchange for her two children's summer stay and small remuneration. Preferably outdoor activity permitting children's care. Hotel experience. Box 710-P.

ALMOST COMPLETE (33) collection of Thomas Wolfe's magazine writing. Make me an offer. Box 711-P.

CULTURED WOMAN, European background, middle-aged, wants part-time summer job possibly permanent. Experienced tutoring Russian, German, French; typing, library work; anything suitable, anywhere beautiful country spot. Box 712-P.

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED—FASHION TRADES, lively new weekly of the apparel industry, seeks able correspondents. These can build steady incomes. Apparel experience and good contacts preferable. Top rates assured reporters who meet our demands. Copies of paper, concrete guidance provided. Write Executive Editor, 97 Duane Street, New York City, New York.

HAVE YOU A WEEK-END RETREAT to offer cultured couple for summer, within 50 miles of Paterson, N. J., with or without meals? Will pay generously. Box 713-P.

WANTED: CHIEF COPY EDITOR for well-known N. Y. book publisher insisting on highest standards. Must have good sense of style, demon eye for accuracy, and know more about everything than most authors. College background or equivalent. Languages helpful. About $75 starting, depending on experience. Write fully. Box 714-P.

FOR GRADUATION, Wedding, and Personal gifts. ILLUMINATED MEDIEVAL MANUSCRIPT PAGES, many with beautiful decorations in color. From Otto F. Ege Collection. Two to seventy-five dollars. Catalog. Staff, Lima Public Library, Lima, Ohio.

WANTED: Position as companion to elderly person. College graduate who has traveled extensively. Excellent references. Box 578-P.

YOUNG LADY desires summer work in Mexico City; tutorial, secretarial experience. Box 715-P.

WRITERS! Our list of 100 New York authors' agents means increased sales! $1. Lloyd's, Box 716-P.

WANTED, playwright to dramatize short story. Medical background helpful. Box 717-P.

BROAD-MINDED MALE wants friendly correspondence. Box 718-P.

PERSONALS

THIS AD IS FOR 2 OR 3 ADULTS. Quaintly furnished 4-room apartment in historic Rockland County farmhouse. Overlooks orchards. Perfect for couple wanting seclusion for writing, research or just relaxing. Commuting 1 hour. Available May thru October. Box 719-P.

COMPANION-TUTOR; Princeton Junior, 22, Veteran, wishes summer position with family teaching tennis, swimming, sailing, bridge, academic subjects. Available June first. Experienced. References. Box 720-P.

ENJOY CHILDREN, books, ideas? Box 721-P.

SOCIAL WORK—Personnel opening. Sheltered Workshop, Texas. Box 722-P.

THE ANATOMY OF PEACE is a swell book and you're convinced world government is necessary. But don't just sit there. Do something! Box 723-P.

SCRIPT-WRITER FOR COMICS. Must have good action stories, true to character and well motivated. Box 724-P.

WILL MIND CHICKENS, shop or chaperon or what *have you? June—September.* Seashore or mountains. Young, intelligent, personable social worker worth room, board and pittance. Box 725-P.

GENTLEMAN, amiable, poetically inclined, desires congenial feminine correspondence. Box 726-P.

COLLEGE GIRL, cheerful and dependable, will tutor small fry for summer. Country establishment near New York preferred. Box 727-P.

DISCRIMINATING YOUNG BACHELOR would like to hear from plain young girl of refinement and wholesome living. Box 728-P.

ENGLISH MAJOR, strong interior decorating and landscape background, knowledge of type and typing, wishes to change to Junior Editorial position. Box 729-P.

NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE ROOMMATES welcome female correspondence. Box 730-P.

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN wants male public-speaking and English Teacher with good knowledge of French or Spanish. 35-45 years old, preferably single. State age, education, experience, marital status, whether you would travel. Generous compensation for right man. Box 731-P.

FUN-LOVING DAMSEL queries, is there a versatile male liking music, travel, the theatre, and receiving letters? Write! Box 732-P.

VETERAN, AMATEUR PHILOSOPHER and scribbler. Correspondence appreciated and definitely confidential. Box 733-P.

TO LET, July, August: two comfortable rooms, view, garden, modern conveniences. Excellent meals at Inn nearby. Opportunity for cultured people to spend quiet vacation in charming village. References exchanged. Box 185, New London, New Hampshire.

GOT FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS? Invest it in lovely ten-room house with exceptionally large attic, hot water heat, bath, electricity, gas, on three-quarter acre plot in quiet Long Island village ninety miles from Manhattan. Beautiful shade trees, flowering shrubs, large barn and sheds. Owner now in residence. Box 756-P.

WANTED COMPANION, elderly lady, driver preferred, poised and understanding personality for lady alone. Unencumbered, free to go anywhere. Plain cooking, quiet simple living in country. Permanent position. Write details and minimum salary acceptable. Box 757-P.

"WOODHOLME" on Seventh Lake-Inlet-N. Y. Central Adirondacks. Friendly. Informal. Good food and lots of it. No Bar. Accommodate 60. Reserve early. Lyal and Bea Van Buren.

DRIVER, elderly gentleman, prefer naturalist or artist—trailer trip for ladies. Box 758-P.

MALE seeks sweet deep thing. Correspond? Box 759-P.

DESIRABLE ADIRONDACKS COTTAGES for rent. Season and monthly. Box 760-P.

WANTED: Home or apartment in Cambridge July first: Ex-Harvard instructor returning for Ph.D. wife, son. Box 761-P.

BSI—The master with pipe and violin. Ivory plaster statuettes from original in Smith collection, $15.00. Box 762-P.

WHY ARE outdoor concerts so predominantly feminine? Box 763-P.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 631

DEFINITIONS

A. Lunatic (Comp.)

B. The Latin alphabet as favored by some Japanese for writing.

C. Twisting into abnormal or grotesque shape.

D. Irish man of letters, pioneer of Celtic renaissance (1846-1928).

E. Patron saint of hunters.

F. Burrowing member of *Strigiformes* (2 wds.)

G. Federal victory in Civil War, Dec., '64, (Gen. Thomas over Gen. Hood).

H. A mixed drink of gin, sugar, lime or lemon juice, soda or seltzer water.

I. Nonsense intended to cloak deception (Comp.)

J. Short fixed stanza pointing the moral of a poem, etc.

K. To delude with a trick; to put aside (2 wds.)

L. Poisonous; malignant (Dial.)

M. Village communities or members of the Wahabi sect in Central Arabia.

N. Popular retired baseball player (Detroit and Phila.)

O. Young rowdies (Colloq.)

P. Hebrew prophet of uncertain date; O.T. Book.

Q. Awkward; bungling (U.S.)

R. Old province of France; battles of 1914-18.

S. A numskull; common snapping turtle.

T. Tending to deceive; fallacious.

U. Traffic "beacon" for pedestrians (Eng.)

V. Native to a particular people or country.

W. Characterizing "muscles" that draw back.

X. Members of a people east of the Jordan, of the northern branch of the Semites (Bib.)

Y. A subdivision of the Balto-Slavic languages.

WORDS

162 77 102 74 63 147 132

109 53 114 130 85 26

182 141 51 125 55 80 106 23 169 44

30 104 120 173 78 129

34 142 100 86 180 148

16 181 127 60 97 65 10 72

3 11 174 49 6 136 24 68 21

59 37 1 87 113 95 25 32 139 99

4 108 67 83 13 89 138 179 161 47

145 81 152 168 119

157 66 94 19 31 107

170 52 29 15 90 12

163 57 40 22 98 131

35 96 116 69 14 146

111 91 45 175 159 126 76 143

56 84 133 46 167 8 105

36 115 155 128 73

5 101 48 156 42 171

9 178 28 33 2 20 117 71 165 150

158 123 118 103 82 153 43 183

92 7 54 124 112 172 58

151 164 144 176 18 121 134

135 79 166 38 93 61 41 17 110

50 137 177 75 27 154 39 62 70

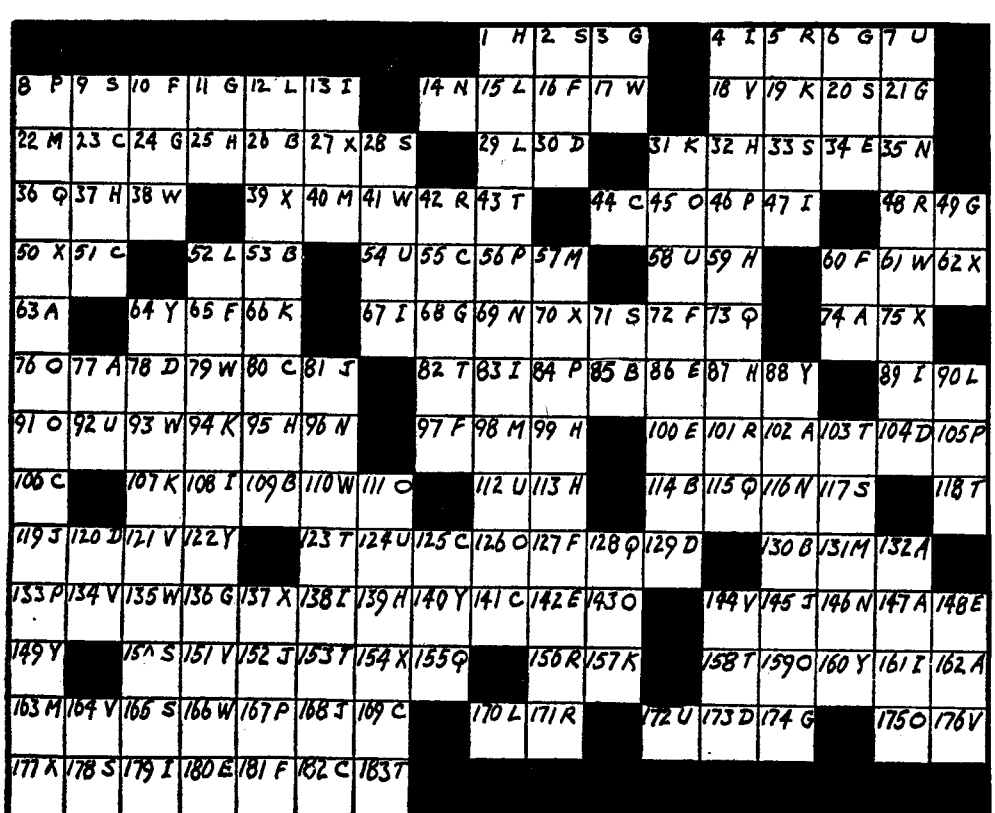
160 149 88 64 140 122

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 7 of this issue.



The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

ODDS and ends have piled up, and while our space is too limited to utilize all I should like to, I do want to acknowledge their authors with an expression of appreciation for such interest:

Mrs. P. D. Tryon, Minneapolis; Jane W. Tefft, Greenwich, N. Y.; Mrs. F. E. Bowser, Key West, Fla.; Orpha Colcord, Springfield, Mass.; Homer D. Rich, Maplewood, N. J.; Howard Dietz, New York, who have sent in compositions in verse or prose relevant to DC's; Mrs. Charles T. Lipscomb and her daughter-in-law, Greensboro, N. C., who never travel without a DC Series to confound "mere crossworders"; Mrs. Daniel W. Welch, Winchendon, Mass.; who, though a minister's wife, does not hesitate to use mild expletives about DC cavilers, and who likes finding her friends in this column, as Anne W. Smith, Dr. George Parker, Kate Scannell; Mrs. C. A. Schwabe, Clayton, Mo., who is the first whom I recall to advocate giving as the answer the list of words derived in the solution instead of the resultant quotation —what do you think?; Frances Burns, Dayton, O., who has just passed her tenth DC birthday; Col. Harvey H. Crane, New York, now retired from the Army, who disapproves of the use of reference books as making a business rather than a pleasure of DCing; Roscoe A. Grant, Hempstead, L. I., retired administrative assistant of Jamaica High School, who, however, enjoys DC's the more now that he has leisure to browse among his many books, as also to utilize his old Latin and Greek roots, and to let his subsconscious self work, too; in the last help he is sustained by Mrs. Karl Wihtol, Red Bank, N. J.; Mrs. Mary Huntington Thompson, Tucson, Ariz., also a non-reference book user except for a too handy Bible at her bedside; Mrs. Mary P. Carpenter, Chicago, who is grateful to the *SRL* for tiding her over difficult situations and who is now immersed in the back numbers piled up while she was following her husband from one military camp to another; Anna Lehman Hill, N. Y., a convert to DC's since the receipt of John Newberry's DC in the *Garden Club Bulletin* last year, of which for twenty-five years she has been assistant editor; R. J. Harris, Gainsville, Fla., who sets me right on a Biblical matter; John M. Bonbright, Grosse Pointe, Mich., who when he had filled in four of the twelve letters of a quotation word in # 598 concluded that the word might well have been *Pennsylvania* or *polysyllable*, an amusing combination to fit two such dissimilar words; Jessie P. Wedlake, New Rochelle, N. Y., who is glad for the sake of her household duties that the *SRL* is not a daily; William M. Connolly, Los Angeles, who got stuck on that Phil. I. error; Dorothy Thibaut, N. Y., who wonders whether our DC's are getting too easy or whether she is acquiring more facility in their solution; Mrs. Anna MacGregor Pierce, Bluefield, West Va.; Mabel Estelle Smith, Brooklyn.

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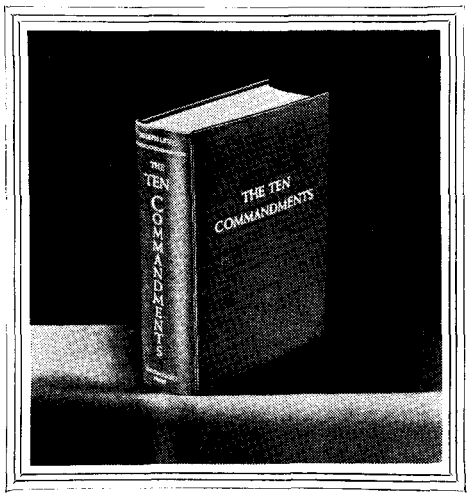
ARE THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

An Infallible Code of Morals for Modern Society?



AN INVESTIGATION INTO THE ORIGIN AND MEANING OF THE DECALOGUE AND AN ANALYSIS OF ITS ETHICAL AND MORAL VALUE AS A CODE OF CONDUCT IN MODERN SOCIETY

DO YOU KNOW—

That there is more than one set of Ten Commandments?

That the Protestants, Catholics and Hebrews do not list them all alike?

That there are two highly contradictory reasons why the Sabbath should be observed?

That no evidence exists that the children of Israel were in bondage in Egypt?

That the observance of one of the Commandments was the cause of anti-Semitism?

That the name of the Biblical deity is not to be found in the Bible?

Which is the Sabbath Day?

Why women were not permitted to observe the Sabbath?

The secret of circumcision?

Why children were admonished to "honor" their parents?

That the Sixth Commandment is a prohibition against blood contamination?

That the Seventh Commandment is based upon the primitive superstitious belief in sympathetic magic?

The Eighth Commandment carried with it a curse for its violation?

The Biblical meaning of the word "neighbor?"

That the basis of the Tenth Commandment is the belief in witchcraft—the fear of the evil eye?

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